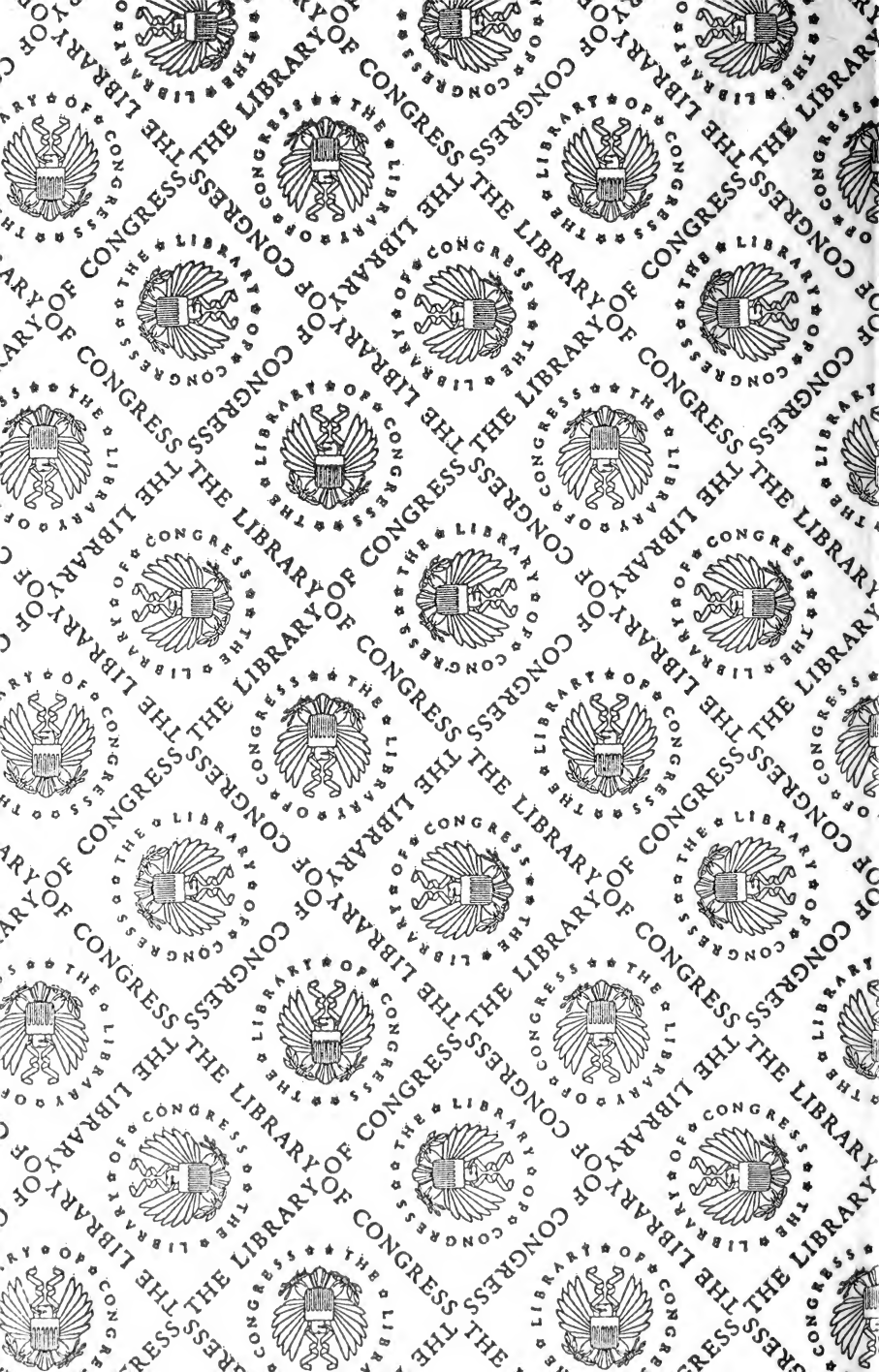
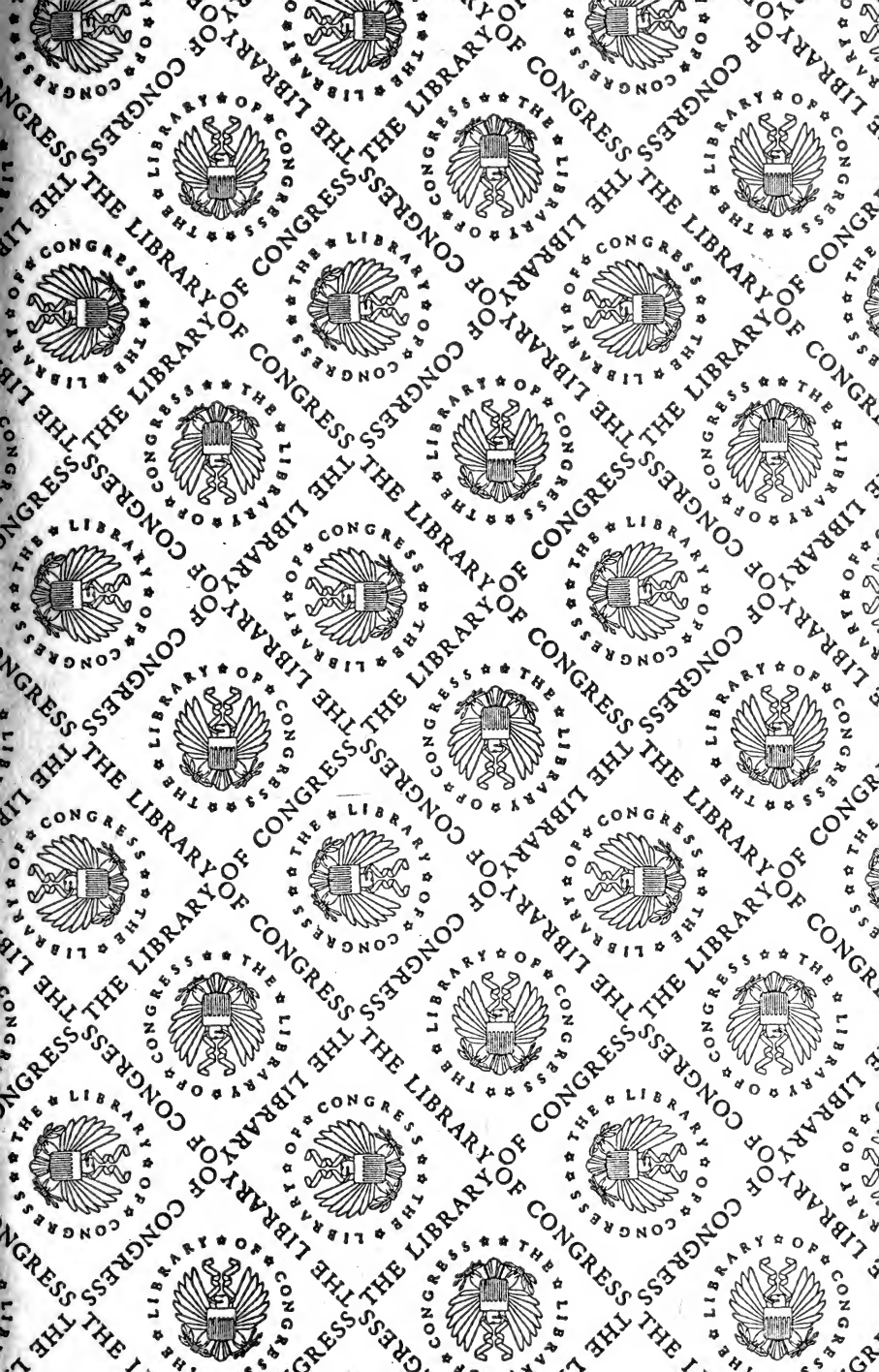


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Engraved by H. H. H. H.

Your affectionate Mother
Mary A. White

Mary ^{Rich} White

IN

Memory

OF

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

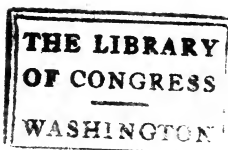
January 5, 1857,

^{by}
~~Kenneth~~
Mary Stuart (White) Smith



Deposited in Clerk's Office S. Dist
New York April 16. 1859.

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INTRODUCTORY.

It has not been without considerable hesitation that this tribute to the memory of a wife and mother has been prepared for the use of relatives and friends.

The subject of this brief memorial was ever instinctively inclined to shrink from intruding upon even her most intimate friends anything relating to herself, and the record which she left of the meditations of her thoughtful hours was never intended for perusal beyond the circle of her own family.

But the earnest wish, expressed by the few who were aware that such memoranda had been left, that they might be preserved in a form suitable for private distribution, together with the desire to perpetuate the memory of one so warmly loved

by all who knew her, has led to the preparation of this little volume.

The selections which have been made comprise but a part of the precious material found. Much that is deeply interesting as showing the spontaneous outflowings of the heart of a christian wife and mother is of a nature strictly private, and is so blended with family incidents that it is deemed best not to transcribe it.

The selections found in the following pages have been made by those who knew her as no others could, whose earliest moments were blessed by her tender care and love, and who, guided by her gentle hand through infant life, were permitted in riper years still to enjoy her wise counsels and bright example.

Let filial affection then, with reverent hand, arrange the rich treasures of a mother's bequest as the most appropriate testimony of gratitude for that unwearied faithfulness and love which contributed so largely to throw around the morning of life the hallowed influence of harmony and unbroken kindness.

If the perusal of these pages shall lead any to apprehend that the long years of suffering of her, whose memory is so fondly cherished, laid a wearisome burden upon him who more than any other one had the privilege of ministering to her wants and of sharing her joys and sorrows, let them be assured that no such burden was ever felt. Most unmindful must he have been of the precious boon of such a companion had he not esteemed it his greatest privilege to soothe and alleviate the sufferings of one whose whole life was so unselfish, and who, in affliction, was so uncomplaining as to call forth the wonder and admiration of all who knew her.

N. W.

NEW YORK, *January*, 1859.

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I.

IN the month of September, 1808, a father away from his home, was seized with a sudden illness. Apprehensive of a fatal result, his thoughts turned toward his family whom he had left but three days before. With especial tenderness his heart yearned over an infant daughter, and he dictated the following letter, giving her in this manner her name, and signed it with a trembling hand.

“MARY ABIAH,

“Dear little Child. I hardly know how to address you in my weak state, while you are incapable of discerning between your right hand and your left.

“If you should continue in this world until you come to years of discretion, Oh, that you may live before God! That you may be a

help and comfort to your mother, and to your brothers and sisters, an ornament to the church of Christ, and a blessing to the world.

“I desire to commit you into the arms of Him who, when he was upon earth, took up little children and blessed them, saying, ‘Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.’ Oh! that if it is consistent with His purposes He would redeem you by His blood, and sanctify you by His spirit, and out of the mouth of a babe and suckling perfect praise!

“This is the prayer of your dear Father.”

Seven years later an aged minister of Christ approached his dying hour. As his eyes were closing upon the scenes of earth, his soul dwelt upon the covenant of God with believing parents. Raising his voice in a remarkable prayer, he remembered children and children’s children, naming each of his numerous descendants, and expressing his fervent desire and strong faith that the blessings of the covenant would abide with them all to the latest generation. Among the grand-children mentioned in this prayer of the Rev. Aaron Cleveland was the child to whom the foregoing letter was addressed.

That in her case the grandfather’s faith and the

father's prayer were not unrewarded, her own testimony will show, as, in after years, we see how she leaned upon and was supported by a covenant God through life and in death.

MARY ABIAH, third daughter and fifth child of DAVID L. and SARAH CLEVELAND DODGE, was born at Hartford, Connecticut, Sept. 1, 1808.

Soon after her birth the family removed to New York, and there remained until 1819, when they returned to Connecticut, and made their residence at Bozrah, near Norwich. Here they lived for seven years, and so the education of this daughter was amid scenery well adapted to foster her natural love of the beautiful, and her delicate power of appreciation.

Those who knew her during this period of childhood and youth bear one testimony to her personal attractiveness, her loveliness and moral worth. The graces which were so finely developed in her mature womanhood invested her earlier life with their peculiar charms,—the same simplicity and sincerity, the same industry and energy, the same amiableness and decision, the same forgetfulness of self, and mindfulness of others. One of her friends writes, "We all

thought cousin Mary perfect, and I often wondered if it would be possible for any one else to be like her." Her father,—the exactness of whose judgment no one who knew him would question in such a case,—once remarked that he could recall but two occasions upon which he had deemed it necessary to reprove her, and the sequel in both instances proved the censure undeserved. A little incident suggests itself in this connexion, tending to show the strength of her determination when duty placed its demand upon her. During one season, being unable to attend school on account of ill health, her principal employment was in her father's library, of which she had the care. Among many solid volumes were a few works of fiction, which, being of a superior order, presented strong attraction to one of such decided literary taste. And she would frequently be absorbed for hours together in the fascinating pleasure of their perusal. But one day, when in the very heart of a most thrilling romance, the idea occurred to her that she was wasting time, and might be about some better employment. She resolved instantly to read no farther, and indeed to open no more fiction until her school education, at least, should be completed.

The book was closed, and not another line of any similar work did she read until after her marriage.

But whatever may have been the opinion of friends her own convictions revealed to her the need of something better than either natural loveliness or the graces of culture. Though brought up under the most careful Christian influences, and therefore one in whom we would expect to see an illustration of piety from infancy, she never regarded herself as one renewed by the Holy Ghost in early childhood, but always spoke, with peculiar emotion, of hours of conflict in connexion with her first full awaking to the Saviour's claims. Her own impressions may have been correct or otherwise, for it is not easy to define the times and seasons which God hath in his own power. Yet, by her own statement, it appears that when nearly twelve years old, her anxiety was aroused in behalf of a very dear brother who was in feeble health. An overheard conversation between him and their mother opened her eyes to a deeper view of her own spiritual state. She remained thoughtful, her seriousness being increased by reason of the prevalence of an epidemic of malignant character, and the removal by death of

several of her companions. In the winter ensuing there was a great religious interest throughout the community, the influences connected with which served to bring her to a definite Christian position. An extract from a letter written twenty-two years afterward, and addressed to one of her children, gives her view of the effect produced in her mind through one of the meetings attended at that season. She writes:

“I felt that I had probably received the last call I should ever have, to enter the service of Christ; that if I did not accept the offers of Divine Mercy, the Holy Spirit would never visit me again. I lay in my bed, from which sleep was banished, until nearly morning, exclaiming, ‘Oh, how dark is my mind, and how dark appears all the future!’ Before I slept I became more calm, and felt willing that God should do with me as He would. I doubt not that there was the place, and that the hour, when I first submitted to the will of God. I awoke to behold a beautiful Sabbath morning, and found my heart filled with peace. During the day my joyful emotions were so strong, that I felt impelled to communicate them to my parents.”

On the same day, the Sabbath, her brother also rejoiced with her, in a newly found Saviour. This was the eighth of June, 1821, "a day ever to be remembered by me," she adds, "as the one upon which I received the greatest blessing that can be granted to a sinful creature." She soon committed to paper a solemn dedication of herself to her Maker, which, with some original rules for "Holy Living," she read daily in her closet for many years. And from this time her Christian course was onward and upward. Her public profession of faith in Christ was made on the first Sabbath in May, 1822, when she united with the Church in Bozrah. For nearly five years after this she kept a journal, but subsequently destroyed it, having "some conscientious scruples lest her motives should not be right."

Until she was seventeen years old, as has been already intimated, her home was in this secluded place. And here the long and uninterrupted days furnished ample opportunity for the development of her tendencies to diligent and systematic employment. A good share of household duty fell to her lot; but neither this nor the calls of pleasure were permitted to interfere with her religious exercises. She at this period, as

always, jealously guarded her hour for devotion from all intrusion. The Bible she read through once a year, and thus gained a remarkable familiarity with its precise language. The quaint old commentaries, with some other theological works in her father's possession, were eagerly studied,—singular as this may appear in one of her age. A favorite occupation was the collection of proof texts upon important points, with which she filled several manuscript volumes.

Being also fond of her pen, she kept up a correspondence with girls of her own age, of which but a few specimens remain. Yet the drift of the whole, if these be a fair sample, is in one direction, tending to promote their spiritual welfare, and showing how near her heart lay the interests of her Saviour's kingdom. With one of these friends the correspondence, singularly begun, was continued through life.*

* A word is due to this correspondence. Mary and Miss B—— lost a mutual and very dear friend, they themselves being entirely unacquainted excepting through that medium. In their bereavement they sought each other's sympathy by letter, and the correspondence continued as above stated. Though but two or three personal interviews were enjoyed during the whole period, and these brief, the mutual attach-

Judging from the letters, in part, we find that her religious character was marked by a decision and elevation unusual in one so youthful. She expresses an abiding dissatisfaction with all her own attainments, and a longing for an experience of higher order than that which is common among Christians.

Quoting a remark of one most revered friend, James Brainerd Taylor, she writes to another :

“ Why is it, my dear ——, that we do not feel as he does? The reason is obvious. We do not live as he does, entirely devoted to God. Let us hunger and thirst after righteousness; let us go on from one degree of grace to another, until we arrive at a perfect stature in Christ Jesus. . . . Let us endeavor to be uncommon Christians; to be holy, spiritually-minded, and devoted to God, so that whether living or dying we may be the Lord's.”

And before closing she adds the practical question, “ If *we* are God's children, is there not something *for us to do?* ”

ment became very strong. Miss B——, and the Mrs. G—— subsequently mentioned, are the same.

The removal of the family from the seclusion and, to Mary, most precious associations of this quiet country home to New York once more, in 1826, was in her view no small trial. But cheerfully submitting to the appointment of Providence, she carried the same spirit of simple piety and usefulness, into her new circle of acquaintance, which had been so happily exhibited in the previous retirement. Uniting with the Laight street Presbyterian Church, of which her uncle Dr. Samuel H. Cox was pastor, she became at once active in the Sabbath School and in female prayer meetings, as in all good works. And in this activity, which continued to be characteristic of her, as well as in the testimony of some who observed her carefully, there is abundant evidence that her christian growth was not impeded by her change of residence from the quietness of rural life to the city so full of novelty and temptation. Indeed, she was from week to week maturing for the service of life to which she was subsequently called.

II.

With the year 1828 a new era opens in her life. Her confidential letters to a friend contain a few delicate intimations of the subject which weighed upon her mind, and of the true womanly and christian spirit in which she sought direction from above, and made the eventful decision.

On Wednesday, October 15th, 1828, just having completed her twentieth year, she was married to Mr. Norman White, of the city of New York. After the farewell, upon leaving the paternal home, her mother found upon her table a note "for her parents"—full of a daughter's heart.

"Let me request," she wrote, "a continuance of your advice, admonitions, and prayers. I need all these, dear parents, perhaps more than ever, and am thankful that I am not to be situated beyond the reach of parental instruction. . . . This step I can truly say has not been taken without much consideration, and much, very much earnest prayer for divine direction. I can

but believe that God has been pleased to answer my request and make known to me His will. My ardent desire is that God will in mercy accompany us, and grant us the many blessings promised to the children of pious parents. May we never set our affections inordinately upon each other! May we be to each other helpers in our course heavenward!”

Upon this little paper, faded and worn, yet carefully preserved, we find, penned by that mother's hand:—"This note is very precious to the mother of the writer. She was always a kind, affectionate child, and was never known to speak a disrespectful word to her parents in her life."

About two years after their marriage they united with the Bleecker Street Presbyterian Church, under the care of Rev. Erskine Mason. And here, although hindered frequently by domestic duties, she renewed her Christian activity, exerting an extensive influence in a quiet way, among the young people, with whom she was peculiarly in sympathy. A Bible Class and female Prayer Meeting were commenced through her efforts.

In 1835, with her husband, she joined the number who united to form the church in Mercer street, under Rev. Dr. Skinner; and in this connexion she remained until her death.

Permitted now—as the youthful bride matures into the wife and mother—in fulfilment of the main design of this memorial, to draw the veil for a moment, and disclose the burden of the mother's prayers, and to preserve a few mementoes of her faith, patience, and conflict, we will drop the name of her girlhood, and speak henceforth of "Our Mother." A precious name to us, brothers and sisters! A revered and saintly memory to the children of her prayers, who have witnessed her many days of suffering, her sweet submission, her holy triumph.

A journal which she kept of the first ten or twelve years of her life after marriage having been accidentally lost, we have no written records excepting a few scattered fragments of letters. These, breathing a most cheerful spirit, and filled with expressions of gratitude to God, nevertheless tell of exhausting cares, of weary days and sleepless nights, and of that weight of responsi-

bility which ever rests upon the head of a young and growing family. Her children were dedicated in baptism, in the full faith that they were included in God's Covenant of grace, and doubting not that they would be brought into His kingdom, her prevailing desire and unvarying prayer was for their renewal by the Holy Spirit in early life.

She writes : " Parents are too apt to feel as if it were an impossibility for little children to be brought to Christ. Therefore their prayers are almost entirely that God would bless the seed sown by them, hoping that if their lives are lengthened they may see them walking in the ways of truth. Thus they look forward to a distant future for the conversion of their children, and scarcely breathe a desire that they may immediately become the subjects of renewing grace. What unbelief this evinces ! How little regard for God's promises to believing parents ! "

Being, as it were by nature, a " model house-keeper," and peculiarly conscientious in the discharge of every domestic duty, even the most trivial, she often made allusion to the difficulty with which she prevented family care monopolizing her time and energy. On the one hand,

feeling and saying that "a mother has no right to consider a moment of her time exclusively her own,"—on the other hand, she writes, "I am distracted in my efforts to do all things decently and in order. I am too much like Martha, of old." Yet, for many years, it was her custom to secure a quiet hour for devotion, by rising before the rest of the family; and so precious did this hour become that when admonished by failing health that she must devote the time rather to bodily repose, to obey the injunction was no light trial.

During this period she was several times subjected to severe prostration and general debility. From these attacks, relief was found only by retiring into the quiet of the country, or occasionally in travel. It is well remembered what a discipline to her was the "being laid aside," and the necessity of "being waited upon,"—and how beautiful her patience appeared in view of this constitutional dread of helplessness.

It was perhaps a peculiarity with her that she distrusted her own powers of interesting children very much,—while her efforts were most unwearying in this direction, and certainly successful, in the judgment of her own children. They

will never forget,—those who are old enough to be included in the statement,—how very interesting was “Mamma’s Journal” of her first visit to Niagara. And there are tender memories of times when gathered around her at the sweet sunset hour of the sabbath, we listened to her voice explaining the word of God, or in low tremulous tones breathing her earnest desires for every member of her little flock.

In the year 1837, she was very much the invalid ; her feebleness being increased by anxiety arising from the dangerous illness of her youngest child, at the same time. This season appears to have been one of deep experience, and she dates from it higher views of Christian life and responsibility.

To her friend, Mrs. G——, the young correspondent of former days, she writes respecting her views and feelings, thus :

“Could I ever feel that I have suffered too much or done too much for my children, if they were removed from me ? I am sure I could not. —And this thought has lately given me comfort and strength, when almost worn out with fatigue and anxiety. Perhaps I have but just begun to

realize my responsibility as a mother. At least I have never before felt as of late, so much desire for the salvation of the souls of these immortals committed to my care, and so deeply convinced that every action of mine may tell upon their eternal destiny."

"The commencement of this New Year has been of deep interest to me; the world has in a great measure receded from my view, and I have been permitted in some degree to throw off the chains which have bound me to time and sense. I long to be free from its sins and cares. Not that I wish for death; sometimes I feel apprehensive that I am not prepared to die; and I think my little family need a mother's care; but I am desirous to do every day, *present* duty, and leave the future in the hands of my Heavenly Father."

The year 1840 was marked by the first of those protracted seasons of illness, which subsequently became almost periodical, and were always attended with dangerous symptoms and very great suffering. Only those who have been subjected to similar trial, can appreciate the shrinking of heart with which she ever afterward observed the premonitions of their recurrence, or the effort she

made to attain submission and fortitude. Her own pen shall give an idea of this illness. It is only necessary to add, that she was scarcely convalescent when an infant son was suddenly taken from her arms to the Saviour's bosom. "It was my first bereavement," she writes long afterward, "and I never think of it without peculiarly tender emotions. Nothing brings a mother so near the unseen world, as the removal of a babe to heaven."

The following extract is from a letter to her mother.

"June, 1840. God has been pleased to lay me upon a bed of continued suffering and sometimes of extreme agony, for nearly three long months, but he then enabled me to feel that submissive and resigned spirit, for which I had vainly struggled and prayed, through all the previous winter. My prevailing desire and prayer has been, that this great affliction might be sanctified. True, I have longed and prayed for returning health, if consistent with God's holy will, but I believe I have been more desirous that this trial might be blessed to myself and my dear family, whether I lived or died. Indeed I often looked upon

death as perhaps not far off, and found it much easier in the near prospect, to think of leaving my dear husband and children, than it had ever been in the distance, knowing and realizing as I never did before, that God would be their God, faithful to them, whatever became of me. But my Heavenly Father saw that I was still clinging to the world, and another and heavier stroke has been added, the removal of the little one so recently given. This has been a severe, and to me hitherto unknown affliction. To-day, I have missed the little darling more than previously. Yet the trial has been mingled with so much of mercy, that I see much cause for gratitude, and can only say, 'The Lord gave,' and hath taken away His own."

To Mrs. G.—“At one time I was not moved an inch for fifty hours, and lay upon my back in too much suffering to have my head raised even to turn my pillow. The agony of that day was more than of all my life before, and I could only exclaim continually, Lord, how long! Moments were hours, and I felt that it would be a mercy if my reason could be taken from me. I was very much afraid lest I should be impatient under so

much suffering; but I constantly strove against this sin, and believe I was assisted; for my friends all assure me I was quite the reverse of impatient. * * * * * I will only say in conclusion, that I have thought more of Heaven than ever before, since my little darling's departure. Very near it seems to me, since I am sure that a part of myself is there. I am fully convinced that if I am ever permitted to meet him there, I shall then know why I have been called to suffer these afflictions; until then it is sufficient to know that all things are ordered by the Lord." A year afterward she writes, "During all that season of sore trial, I felt myself very near the eternal world. I have since had more trust in God, and brighter hopes of salvation; and have been led to cast myself more unreservedly into His hands at all times."

In February, 1841, threatened with a similar illness, she thus expresses herself:—

To Mrs. G.—"How delightful it is, dear M., to have a God to whom to go in every emergency, whom we are permitted to call by the endearing name of Father! One too, who is touched with feeling for our infirmities, and who 'doth not

willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men.' Sometimes I am quite overwhelmed with this reflection, and really feel that 'God is my refuge in distress.' Again will the thought, that after all my hopes and professions I may yet be deceived, cause me keenest pain. But at such times, I endeavor, if I have never done it before, to cast myself wholly upon the dear Redeemer, and apply to his peace-speaking blood alone, for salvation."

At a later date she acknowledges with devout gratitude that her fears were not realized, her health being much improved, and another little son placed in her arms, as if to fill the vacancy she mourned.

Among her private papers written after this time are manuscripts containing occasional entries of her experience, hopes, fears, and the like. In these records the heart of the Christian mother is revealed, with its great prevailing solicitude for the salvation of her children. She longed to see them brought early to the good shepherd, and desired nothing so much as that they might be eminently useful, if their lives were spared, in the church of Christ. To this end, and believing

that the training of her children for Christ was an honorable and blessed work entrusted largely to her hands, she brought to this work all that spirit of consecration and self-sacrifice, and that systematic perseverance which characterized her earlier years. Her children, with deep gratitude, render to her memory the tribute of their evidence that her entire life, precept, and example, was beautiful in its consistency with this darling purpose. And yet she often alludes touchingly to her own deficiency, and her dependence upon a higher wisdom and help from above.

Notwithstanding her feeble health and engrossing home-duties, she exerted herself to establish a Maternal Association in the Church to which she belonged, and was unwearying in her endeavors to make the meetings interesting and profitable. She believed that Christian mothers needed one another's prayers and sympathies, and not a few young mothers in the congregation recall affectionately her encouragements, counsels, and aid. Finding, from a peculiar delicacy of constitution, that sometimes when she attempted religious conversation with her own children, her feelings were apt to overpower her, and prevent her saying all that she desired, she adopted

the plan of writing to them from time to time. Many precious little notes, calling attention to certain faults, or giving encouragement where it was needed, found their way to their hearts, while upon each birthday anniversary, a long and affectionate letter expressed a mother's anxieties and prayers.

After sending one of these letters to a child for whom she cherished mingled hopes and fears, she writes in her journal, "Perhaps I have been in fault in regard to this dear child. I have so much feared the danger of self-deception, and have known so much of varying frames of feeling in children, that I may not have encouraged and urged her forward in the Divine Life as I should have done."

These family anniversaries she was accustomed to observe with prayer and meditation, and used her influence to prevent their being spent in the frivolous amusements to which they are often devoted. Yet guarding against gloomy associations, efforts were always made to mark them with true enjoyment, and tokens of parental affection were never wanting.

III.

In the summer of 1842 the family left the city, earlier than had been their custom, for their summer residence, in hope that the genial air of the country would restore the youngest child, who had been for some time drooping. And so at first seemed the likely result in the rounding cheek and the brightening eye. But God ordered disappointment, as well as a season of trouble. Several members of the family were sick at the same time, and very seriously ill was the husband and father. Amid these anxieties the little "pet lamb" was suddenly attacked with acute disease, and after three weeks of great suffering, taken away. This was two years after the "first bereavement"—and a more bitter cup, for so much longer had this darling nestled in the mother's love.

In her journal she writes shortly after:

"Just one week ago this evening, at a quarter before eight o'clock, dear little Willie was released from his sufferings. At the close of the Sabbath

his spirit took its flight, to be for ever with that Saviour who said, 'Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' "

"Oh Lord I dedicate myself and my remaining children to Thee, renewedly and solemnly resolving, by thy grace strengthening me, to be more faithful to their souls; and I beseech Thee, as Thou hast been pleased first to take the little ones to Thyself, to spare the others until they have given reason to hope that they are prepared to meet those who have gone before them to the heavenly world! Enable us, their parents, not only to be faithful in educating them for Thy service, but to take heed that we set them an example of piety and holiness, that they may see in us the image of the Saviour. Grant this for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Redeemer and Saviour, Amen."

A week later.

SABBATH EVENING, July 10th.

"The twilight of the Sabbath will ever appear different to me since the death of dear little Willie. Again this evening have all the feelings of nature been aroused by contemplating the

scenes of two weeks ago. I have now resolved to devote the hours from seven to nine o'clock on Sabbath evening to private devotion, when not attending public worship or instructing my children. Especially will I remember my elder children, that they may be prepared when called from time into eternity."

A long and touching letter to Mrs. G. tells the story of this summer of trial, closing thus:

"Heaven indeed seems different to me since I have two sweet angels there, and as one tie after another which binds me to earth is loosened, I would be fitting and preparing to follow those loved ones, into that rest which remaineth for the people of God. Sometimes I regret that I did not enjoy my darling more while I had him, and again I fear that this is a chastisement sent me for my frequent complaints of care and fatigue. I little thought, when murmuring, in what manner my cares would be lessened. I am grateful for the mercy which took the little ones, redeemed and sanctified as we believe by the blood of Christ, and left the older ones, thus giving them yet opportunity to come to Christ, and commit-

ting them longer to my care and responsibility. Oh dear M., let us improve the time left us to educate our children for God, and leave nothing undone, which we might wish had been done for them, should they or we be summoned to render our account."

Just previous to returning to the city.

"I return with solemn resolutions not to mingle in the gayeties of the city; with ardent desires for the revival of religion in my own heart; with earnest wishes and hopes for the conversion of my children, and some faith that these hopes will be realized, that salvation will come to our house, and even that I may live in the midst of an outpouring of the Spirit of God. Lord make me faithful to my children! Oh let me never have to cast bitter reflections upon myself for want of faith, or want of exertion in behalf of their souls."

"JANUARY 1ST, 1843. I have gone through some severe sorrows during the year just past, and what is before me in the present year, I know not. I would leave all things with God. He will order all aright. I have had more peace of mind of late, looking forward less to evil. I was much struck this evening, while

looking at the rainbow—that witness for God, through all ages since the flood—with the thought, how can I so often behold this pledge of the truth of Jehovah, and yet doubt any promise which He has made! When He says ‘my grace is sufficient for thee,’ and ‘as thy day is, so shall thy strength be,’ I must, I will, I can, I do believe!”

On the anniversary of the birth of one of her sons, she writes—

“I have renewedly endeavored to dedicate him to God, for time and eternity, and do most earnestly desire that he may be sanctified and prepared for eminent usefulness, should his life be spared. Every desire I have for my children sinks into insignificance, beside this one, that the constant influences of the Holy Spirit may be granted to renew and sanctify them. I pray that I may be kept from contradicting by my conduct the precepts that I am daily trying to inculcate. May they every day take knowledge of me that I am walking with God.

“I have much to be grateful for as I review the last two or three years, but all seems as nothing to me, compared with the hope I have, that the Holy Spirit has condescended to visit us, and

that our first-born has passed from death unto life! What an infinite blessing is this! Oh may she daily grow in grace, and live near the cross of Christ. She has been constantly upon my mind, and even in the night I have been kept from sleep, by my intense anxiety upon her account. My prayer for her is, that she may well examine the ground of her hope."

To this daughter, on her next birth-day, the mother wrote a special letter, a portion of which follows. Addressing her as "the first-born," and therefore "holding a most important place in our little community," and expressing the hope that she will be "an instrument of great good to her brothers and sisters, and a bright and shining light in the church of God," she proceeds to say :

"Go, my beloved child, to the foot of the cross, and there receive the daily pardon for sin which you so much need, and strength to go forth into the world, as an example of living piety and holiness. Look not to older professors of the religion of our Lord, for an example; but follow the footsteps of the blessed Saviour, who pleased not himself. Do not for a moment feel

because you hope you have been renewed, and are now admitted to full membership in the church of Christ, that your work is done, and your duty accomplished. So far from this, you must strive daily to lead a godly life, with as much earnestness as you did at first strive to enter the strait gate. Seek to be an uncommon Christian. Mind, I beseech you, with the most untiring exactness, your seasons of private devotion. Let nothing, which you would not be willing to offer as an excuse at the bar of God, tempt you to neglect the regular fulfillment of closet duties. The present day is one of much outward activity in the church of Christ, and I think there is danger that young Christians may forget the care of their own souls, while engaged in Sabbath schools, Bible classes, societies, and the various benevolent schemes of the day. I believe that the only way for one to live near Christ is to spend a portion of every day alone with God. Let the time be sufficient to allow the mind to be drawn away from the world, while the worth of the soul and the joys of Heaven fill it with deep solemnity. The earliest hours of the morning are peculiarly adapted to this employment. For many years after I first indulged hope in Christ, I was

accustomed to rise from one to two hours before the rest of the family, that I might thus secure a time free from interruption. But my failing health has obliged me to alter this plan, and I now adopt the following:—I never leave my room in the morning without reading a few verses in my Bible, and committing myself to the protecting care of my Heavenly Father. Then I embrace the first opportunity, after attending to my various morning duties, of retiring to my room for as much time as duty and inclination require. In the evening, as I have learned not to postpone devotion until the time for sleep arrives, I appropriate the hour of twilight to the purpose—that hour when the mind so readily turns heavenward. And then as I lay my head upon my pillow for the night, I again commit myself to God, and fall asleep meditating upon divine things.”

After this leaf from her own experience, which is here given that it may be a help to each of her children, as well as to her for whom it was especially designed, the letter proceeds with a delicacy and affection characteristic of the writer to touch upon certain topics relating more immediately to the every day duties of life. Among

the things upon which much stress is placed we notice the following—a subject too often overlooked entirely, or its great importance lightly estimated by parents:

“Cultivate a polite, kind, and attentive manner to all about you, especially your brothers and sisters, and the other members of your own family; and never consider it lady-like or becoming a Christian to treat servants or any other dependents, either haughtily or unkindly. On the contrary, seek in every way to do them good. Seek for an intimate friendship with your brothers and sisters. Thus, as in no other way, can you influence them for Christ.”

The letter closes thus:

“And at some future time, should your earthly life be spared, and that of the parent who is writing be closed, will this not seem to you like the voice of a loved one speaking from the house appointed for all the living, and urging you to prepare by a life of usefulness and holiness, for the hour of death, and a happy entrance to the joys of the eternal world. That you, my dear M., with all the members of our beloved family, may be prepared to follow those of our number who have entered that rest which remain-

eth for the people of God, and that there we may unite in praising the wonders of redeeming love, through ceaseless ages, is the prayer of your ever affectionate

MOTHER."

Sainted mother! Shall not thy prayer be answered!

IV.

AFTER the return to the city from the Summer residence, in the fall of 1843, the shadow of another approaching sorrow darkened the family circle.

The second daughter had just completed her thirteenth year, alike lovely in person and character, and then, a delicate flower, began to droop and fade. The following February, the 29th, she suddenly died. So sudden was the removal, indeed, that there had been very little opportunity for conversation with her in regard to her coming change, such as a parent would naturally desire to have. And, at first, the mother was unable to realize the full and satisfactory hope in her behalf which she had anticipated. But ere long the true ground of consolation was firm beneath her feet—God's glorious covenant. And subsequent testimonies from the young friends and schoolmates of the departed, gave pleasing evidence that Divine grace had been manifested in her experience, and illustrated sweetly in all her behavior elsewhere as at home.

The mother thus reviews this painful experience in her journal:

“At first the shock was too much for my poor feeble frame. I feared that I should sink under it. As the spirit so suddenly passed from time into eternity, I could only beseech the Saviour to receive it to Himself, and then exclaim, ‘Be still, and know that I am God!’ Upon more mature reflection, and recalling many circumstances, I am convinced that my grounds for hope are far more numerous than I at first supposed. I know that God is not only a prayer-hearing God, but a covenant-keeping Jehovah! My dear child was, I fully believe, included in that covenant which has been established with our family during past generations, as far back as we have any knowledge. Can I believe that He will cast off the children of His own covenant! Dear Fanny was given to God in her infancy, and we have never had one desire to recall the gift. Upon the day previous to her death, she told me that she was engaged in thinking upon many precious passages of scripture, as ‘The Lord is my Shepherd,’ etc. About one year since she expressed a hope that she had given her heart to her Saviour, and from that time her life has been as consistent as that

of any mature Christian. Her patience and submission during her illness have been remarkable. Her last words were in answer to my questions, "Do you know who is speaking to you?" and "Can you commit your soul to your Saviour?" to each of which she replied distinctly, "Yes, mamma." As she appeared to be in perfect possession of all her faculties, I am convinced that she was supported by a peace which she was unable to communicate. I can but hope that Jesus Christ, who is such a merciful and faithful High Priest, did sanctify and save this soul by the merits of His own precious blood, and I would not look for peace or comfort in any thing else but this. To Him would I commit all my anxiety and care for my dear departed one, convinced that He will do all things well. Oh, may these repeated bitter cups, which we have been called upon to drink, be sanctified to us."

This bereavement was followed by a severe illness. For five months our mother was helpless, suffering much pain, but always entirely patient and submissive. She writes in her journal, May 5th, 1844.

"SABBATH.—How various and continued are

the Providences of God, and how well fitted to lead us to repentance and humiliation. I have been thinking much lately of God's word by His prophet Isaiah, to His backsliding children of Israel. 'Why should ye be stricken any more? ye will revolt more and more!' Perhaps God has seen in me this spirit of revolt! Then I ought to see His kindness in not leaving me, but chastening me more and more as He sees I require it. May I be cheerful and patient under this new trial! Yet, sometimes apprehending that I may be helpless for life and become a burden to my friends, I find the reflection almost insupportable, and am greatly depressed with it. But I trust the struggle is over, and I believe I am now willing that whatever God sees best shall come to pass, if I may only glorify God under pain and suffering."

"May 12th, Sabbath.—The past has been to me a week of suffering. Some days I have been quite unfitted for the duties necessarily devolving upon me, and every effort has been attended with pain.

"Oh, how these frail tenements rack, and shake, and almost fall in ruin, when God lays his hand heavily upon them. To-day I feel a little better,

and thus far it has been a pleasant Sabbath to me. I had more comfort and freedom in instructing my children and praying with them, and more tenderness and deep feeling in private devotion. I have prayed and struggled much the past week to gain a submissive spirit, under the chastening hand of God, and I believe that I can bear what I now suffer, involving as it does, separation from the social enjoyments of life. But I fear I do not submit perfectly to the prospect of constant detention from the house of God. Sometimes when reflecting upon the struggle of the dying hour, and fearing that I may faint and waver, I have been assured that if I am a child of God He will give me dying grace, and strength when I need it, and now I long to have the same confidence and trust with regard to the result of my present illness. Why should I not believe that God will enable me to bear whatever He shall see fit to send upon me? I have always found 'that as my day so has my strength been,' and I long to feel a perfect faith in this promise."

Upon the next page we find the following suggestion in regard to the instruction of children in the nature of prayer:

"This afternoon I instructed the children upon the design and nature of the Lord's prayer, and permitted them to select texts of Scripture, appropriate to the different parts of it, Adoration, Petition, and Doxology, and I wrote them down for them to learn in future. I was pleased with their deep interest and attention, and think they must have selected at least a hundred appropriate texts without assistance. I thought this would be a good way to teach them how to pray with propriety, and I wish they would learn to introduce these passages of Scripture into their prayers and thus overcome the disposition to sameness and formality to which children are so prone."

Passing over a year or two, during which she was twice brought to the verge of death, we notice in her journal, her earnest consecration of a newborn daughter who remained the youngest.

When this little one was about a month old, she was very ill, and it was supposed in a dying state. The circle of brothers and sisters gathered around the cradle to witness the solemn dedication in baptism, of the spirit so soon apparently to be returned to God. The scene was peculiarly touching to the parents, by reason of the coinci-

dence that it was the anniversary of the baptism and death of the first child taken away. God was better than our fears, and the frail life was spared. The mother writes a week afterwards: "I pray that we may realize that she has been as it were returned to us from the grave, and may we consecrate her to the service of God, and give ourselves more than ever to the work of bringing up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. And now, that so many of them are to be separated from us, for a season, will the Lord watch over them for good!"

In July of this year, writing from the sea-shore to her friend Mrs. G., she says: "I am convinced whenever I reflect upon the many seasons of suffering through which I have passed, that my constitution is so undermined I must not expect to live many years. Oh my friend, pray, that whether my years are few or many, they may be devoted to the service of God, and that I may be at all times prepared and fitted for His holy will and pleasure concerning me, and especially that I may be ready should it be His will to call me suddenly from time into eternity. How vain and utterly contemptible do all the pursuits of this

life appear, when one is laid low upon a bed of sickness, not knowing but it may prove a bed of death; or again, when hanging with anxious heart over the couch of a beloved dying child! Let us, dear M., quicken our zeal, and renew our efforts on behalf of these dear children, lest they should suddenly be taken from us without preparation for another world."

The year 1846 opened with a severe affliction. A beloved sister, after a short illness, was called away from earth. She writes, January 18th: "Already has this New Year proved an eventful season to me, and one long to be remembered and improved. God has been pleased for the first time to permit Death to invade my beloved circle of brothers and sisters, and call dear S. to nobler service above. How solemn and affecting have been the scenes through which I have passed! While watching by her bed, new thoughts and feelings have been awakened in my mind. . . What but faith in the Redeemer, and a glorious hope of a blessed immortality, could inspire the sweet peace and holy calm diffused through the soul of this departed loved one. . . . My Heavenly Father has afflicted me deeply, and long shall I mourn the loss of so dear a sister,

one whose example and conduct were always heavenly, and who had ever an affectionate sympathy for all in trouble. She has always proved my solace and comforter when illness or affliction has been in family, and long shall I miss her words of sweet counsel and admonition. May these repeated chastisements wean me more and more from the world, and be so sanctified to me as to prepare me to go, should I be the one next called from the family circle. My own health is very precarious, and I feel that God may soon take me from my cares and interests below; I desire to be 'setting my house in order,' that I may be ready for the call of the Son of Man. My constitution is so much weakened by repeated illness, that scenes such as I have just passed through greatly affect my physical system. I feel now that I am seriously threatened with another severe sickness. May I be entirely prepared for God's holy will concerning me, whether life, or death, or protracted suffering and inability to be useful to my family. This last I dread far more than bodily suffering. Oh, for entire submission to the will of God!"

These anticipations were prophetic. Another long and most painful illness confined her to her

room, for two months. Partially recovered, and reflecting upon the sufferings of the winter, and their tendency to produce distressing forebodings, she writes in her journal :

“April 12th.—May I cultivate a disposition to look upon the bright side of earth’s pictures. Oh, for strength to glorify my Father in Heaven under the daily crosses of life! Oh, for daily sanctification! I have been all the week anticipating that I might enter again to-day the house of the Lord, and unite with His people in celebrating the dying love of the Redeemer; but I am providentially detained. If my heart be touched with a sense of the great sacrifice of the Son of God, and melted with gratitude that I am permitted to hope for an interest therein, then will the day prove to me a profitable one, though spent in the quiet of my own room, with none but God near me.”

V.

IN the spring of 1847, our mother was again attacked with most dangerous symptoms, which immediately prostrated her feeble frame, and many weeks of suffering followed. Upon her restoration, we find no murmuring words, but the following grateful acknowledgment of mercy, written while sojourning at a sea-side retreat.

June 27th.—I this day call upon my soul to bless and praise the name of the Lord for His kindness to me an unworthy worm of the dust. In His wise Providence He has seen fit to afflict me with severe and painful illness for ten long weeks, most of which time I could not lie down, but, in an upright posture, supported by pillows, was obliged to pass the days and nights of suffering. Twice He has apparently brought me to the gates of death and caused me to look upon the scenes of Eternity as indeed very near. I felt myself to be really passing through the dark valley, and the distressed friends around me thought two or three times that the spirit had fled. I could not speak.

Yet, in both instances, I was perfectly conscious of all that was passing around me. The entire calmness of mind which possessed me was surprising to myself. Christ was my only hope. I did not dare to look upon my past life, knowing it to be so unworthy a child of God, but I felt assured that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin, and I think I did cast myself unreservedly upon his merits, and only prayed, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.' An entire resignation to the will of God appeared to prevail, whatever that will might prove to be; and I felt willing then to leave my large family of little ones to the care of our Heavenly Parent, believing that He would order everything concerning them in the best possible manner. When the immediately alarming symptoms had passed, and my physician still assured me that he did not think I could live many hours, I found myself still satisfied that my Heavenly Father would do with me only right, and I felt desirous to be entirely passive in His hands. If He had more duty in this world for me to perform, I thought He could raise me from the borders of the grave; but if my work on earth was accomplished, I felt willing to depart and be for ever with the Lord. For a short time

I recollect having a great desire to be assured that all the dear members of my family would meet me in Heaven; but soon all anxiety was absorbed in the one thought that I was unworthy so great a privilege, but Christ was infinitely worthy.

“I longed to say much to those around me, and thought of much which I cannot now recollect, but my voice was gone. God has been pleased, I trust in mercy, to raise me up, and in a remarkable manner rapidly renew my strength, although I am still comparatively feeble, and now I am every day inclined to inquire, why is this? Surely God has been so gracious for some wise purpose, and my earnest prayer is, that this solemn experience may be sanctified and never forgotten; and that my Heavenly Father will show me what work He desires me to do, and will give me grace and strength to perform it.”

The illness thus alluded to was in all respects the most painful and alarming she had ever been called upon to pass through. For eight weeks she was unable to lie down, and the extremity of weakness to which she was reduced gave evidence of the pain she had endured. We shall never forget the touching expression of patient, gentle

submission, which that pale face and those wan features ever bore. Once when the tears flowed unbidden from the eyes of a daughter, who found it almost impossible to witness such sufferings, she cast a glance of sympathy upon her, and said, "Don't be distressed, you will know at some future time, that it is all right." But no murmur escaped her lips.

With the hope of averting a threatened return of her difficulties after a longer intermission than usual, the waters of Sharon were tried again in the summer of 1848. She returned to the city much benefited thereby. The remainder of the family being still absent, she writes thus in her journal:

"I have just spent a long season in prayer for them, praying especially, if we are all permitted to meet again in our winter's residence, that it may prove the spiritual birth-place of some of my loved ones. Oh! that the coming winter might be one of great power and glory in our church! I feel much for the many youth and children among us! Oh! that the blessed Spirit's influence might follow the labors of our pastor, and result in the conversion of numbers of these! Let a refreshing from thy presence, Lord, come upon us!"

The prayer was not unanswered. In December of the same year we find this entry:

"I have felt unusually solemn to-day, and have been deeply impressed with the interesting circumstances in which as a family we are now situated. Three of our dear children are about to take upon themselves the vows of God and profess their faith in the Redeemer. Oh, that they may be led to do this, understanding the great obligations they are to acknowledge, and with a realizing sense of the solemnity of the transaction! Oh Lord, let them not be deceived! May they be bright and shining-lights in thy church! Especially I pray that my sons may have a self-sacrificing spirit, and be prepared for great usefulness in the cause of Christ."

Later in the same month we find:

"A sweet Sabbath this has been! Thanks and praise would I offer to my Heavenly Father for the health and strength I have had to visit the house of prayer twice, and for the pleasant hours alone at home! This evening has been devoted to the instruction of the little ones, and to prayer for those older who have gone to the house of God. I have been pleading earnestly with God that He would prepare them by a baptism from

on high to be useful in His vineyard. I long to see in all who now profess to be disciples of Christ a spirit of devotion to His cause."

About this time again disease prostrated the feeble frame, and though its violence was soon checked, she was a close prisoner to her room and her chair for the remainder of the winter. Yet thus gratefully she refers to a season which to so many would have been most irksome:

"How full is my heart of gratitude for the mercies bestowed upon one so unworthy! I have lived upon the promises of God, and sometimes, as was the case last night, when unable to appropriate to myself any special promise, I have dwelt upon the word '*trust*.' I have thus been enabled to commit everything to my Saviour, and have suffered but little anxiety as to the result of this illness."

Previous to this extract, and dated the last day of the year 1848, are expressions of hope and thankfulness regarding her dear ones, who, she believed, had been given to her prayers, which close as follows:

"And now shall I say, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have been permitted to see the salvation so long de-

sired and looked for?' I cannot say this while there are still little ones needing a mother's care and prayers. But I will ask of God that I may be permitted to bring them up for Him, if it be His will to spare my life. At all events I desire to know no will but His, confident that if I am removed from them, He will care for their souls included in His covenant with their parents, and thus hoping, trusting, believing, I pass this last day of the year and enter upon another, not knowing the things which will befall me therein. Only this I know, that God will glorify Himself, and I trust will be glorified in me."

With the opening spring came partial convalescence, and it was improved by a short visit to the country. She writes from a little village to Mrs. G.:

"How impressive is the passing-bell during the funeral hour! It is tolling now. We seldom hear it in the city, but I love its solemn sound. It arrests the attention of the thoughtless and giddy crowd, and must turn their minds to the reflection that it will soon toll for them. Surely it must induce thoughts of Death, Judgment, and Eternity. I recollect when I was a child, and residing in the country, I could never

forbear weeping when I heard the knell. How strangely all the busy routine of life, and death, are mingled and pass along side by side in the crowded city. But here in the country it is different. A death is a great event, and is noted with deep interest."

In the same letter, alluding to the field of active labor to which her friend of early days had been called, and the contrast in her own life of so much helpless suffering, she adds:

"But our Father knows for what we are fitted, and perhaps I have been enabled to accomplish a little, in teaching a spirit of submission under suffering to those over whom I have had influence—causing them to feel that true resignation and patience must be earnestly sought, and will only be received in entire dependence upon strength from above. Yet I am so often faithless and distrustful that I fear my children will learn but few lessons of trust and humble faith from me, while I am conscious that I could never have endured what I have endured, had my dependence been upon an arm of flesh. 'In the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength,' has been my motto during the past winter, and I have sometimes felt that I could do and suffer much

while the 'everlasting arms' were underneath me."

During a season of excitement, when about the city homes moved the pestilence that walketh in darkness, she writes :

"What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee. Thus have I longed to feel for two months past. While I know that my trust is only in God, I am often agitated at the thought of the nearness of the destroying angel."

From a lovely summer retreat the mother's ever-anxious heart thus expresses itself :

"JULY 8TH. My dear children being all separated from me excepting the youngest two, I think much of them as each returning Sabbath recalls the many pleasant ones we have passed together. I have just been naming them all at the Throne of Grace, and have asked that wherever they are they may keep this Sabbath day holy."

A little later, just after the marriage of her eldest daughter, the following entry occurs :

"NOVEMBER 18TH, 1849. The past week has been one of eventful importance to me and mine. A first separation from the parental roof! How much meaning is there in the words! What

changes must now occur in the life of my darling child! Selfishness comes up and urges its claims, How am I to get along during the winter of possibly long confinement without my M. to read to me and to cheer my lonely hours? But the child so many years since dedicated to God's service, must not now be withheld. If she is only fitted for the Master's vineyard, I will rejoice that she is permitted to labor therein.

"Continually will we bear the beloved ones who have just left us, upon our hearts before God—praying that He will make them eminently useful in His cause, and crown with blessings the act of consecration the past week has witnessed."

Early in the year 1850 commenced another serious illness, from which the approach of summer brought the first relief. Scenes of patient suffering, of meek endurance, in a spirit ever resigned and unquestioning, were again renewed. So often and so long-continued had been these assaults of an enemy scarce ever slumbering, it seemed that each must be the last. But her elastic constitution rose again and again from the shocks, though each time evidently weakened. In review, she remarks, June 2nd, 1850:—
 "Here am I permitted with joy and gratitude

to say, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped me!' Four months since I was longing for complete submission to my Father's will, yet fearing to enter the dark cloud I saw too plainly before me. Now can I say, He has been better to me than my fears! I have been abundantly supported, even when suffering from alarming symptoms. My mind has been peaceful, nor has a shadow of doubt of my acceptance through a Saviour's merits been permitted to disturb my repose. A kind hand has been constantly extended for my support, and I have found it delightful to trust, and to lean, and to bow to the yoke. It has not all seemed like chastening, but rather like the parent's leading-strings placed upon the feeble one scarcely able to go alone."

In August, to Mrs. G.:—"Another anniversary of my birth, and of the birth of my first-born close at hand! And fast following these comes winter staring me in the face! Is this strange language? But have I not cause to dread that season? Yearly it brings hours of intensest pain and suffering; and were it not that my mind is then more at rest, and spiritual affections are deeper from living so constantly upon trust, I should be sad indeed, as cold weather advances. But so it

is. In the winter I live from day to day upon the promises, and they are sweet and comforting to a degree that I cannot express. In the summer I live some of the time upon hope, and then again I am fearful and discouraged. This year, however, I have been more than usually hopeful and cheerful."

While thus the pen of our beloved one in an occasional expression hints at the shrinking and dread with which she looked forward to her frequently returning trial, she rarely gave any intimation of the matter to her family or friends in conversation. These were not troubled with her sad thoughts and bitter conflicts, but could only suspect them, while the sweet smile and cheerful word greeted the eye and ear. Indeed her chamber was never a gloomy place, but one where we loved to meet, and whither more than one sorrow-stricken spirit was wont to go for sympathy and aid. Many a letter of tender commiseration too found its way thence, penned by her feeble hand, to bear messages of comfort and encouragement to the sick and the afflicted.

On her birth-day, Sept. 1st, we find in her journal:—"I feel with an intensity that I cannot express that the Lord is a covenant-keeping God.

I believe that He has accepted my dear children. I have consecrated each one of them to Him many times before birth, and every day I renew the consecration, praying that as each arrives at maturity the dedication may become a personal one. God grant that they all may live to His glory! This is my only desire for them. Dear Father, help me to say from the heart, 'Thy will be done' in me and mine!"

The winter of 1850 and '51 passed more comfortably than the previous one. She records it with gratitude in her Journal, March, 1851: "The winter has passed, and I have been spared a long attack of illness! Constant warnings have kept me watchful, and I hope trustful. How much better is my Heavenly Father to me than my fears! How ashamed I am of my ingratitude! I pray that I may be more faithful as a wife and mother, and more careful of my influence over my family. My mind often dwells with deep interest upon those members of my household whose consciences I seem unable to reach, educated as they are to trust blindly to their religious guides, and convinced that all others are in fatal error."

Not long after this her nervous system received a shock by a railway accident. The car in which

she was seated was thrown down an embankment and broken to pieces. Though none were killed, and her own injuries were not severe, the excitement was very great, and the escape almost miraculous. But, in consequence of this, travelling on railways was ever afterward attended with more pain than pleasure to her; and so earnestly did she deprecate it that she was frequently deprived of the benefit of change of air and scene which had before always been most grateful.

In her "Birth-day Reflections" this year, she mentions the peculiarly interesting circumstances in which some of her children were placed, upon the threshold of the home, just stepping into the active scenes of life. Of one she says, "May she realize that every little cross is a part of the necessary discipline of life! My prayer for her is, that she may be more and more weaned from the world and engaged with her whole soul in the glorious work in which she seems so much interested." Of her elder son: "My heart should be full of thankfulness at the desire he expresses to devote himself to the holy work of the ministry. May he feel with the apostle, 'Wo is me if I preach not the gospel!' * * * As I write, all my children in turn come up before me, and I feel that

each has peculiar difficulties and interests for me to remember at the throne of grace. But the most prominent of all my desires for them is that 'Holiness to the Lord' may be inscribed upon them, and that each may have a self-sacrificing spirit; and that all the good gifts, the talents, and the worldly substance of this whole family may be given to the cause of Christ."

The succeeding winter was passed in comparative comfort, and very touching appear to us the constant outpourings of grateful praise which we find in all her writings of this period. To her it seemed a peculiarly gracious Providence which preserved her from her usual suffering, that she might be permitted to soothe and comfort the last hours of her revered father. In her journal we find the father's parting benediction :

" 'My children, I cannot say much. The Lord bless you and cause His face to shine upon you, and keep you from the evil of this world, and bring you into His heavenly kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord! Amen! ' "

The journal continues:

"In just a week one who stood at that bedside in robust health was suddenly summoned, without a moment's warning, from earth to

heaven! How many fall as sudden, not as safe!"

Many years before, when a young girl, our mother had been an inmate of the family of this lamented brother-in-law,* and she felt keenly the shock of his sudden removal, following so closely upon the death of her father. She writes:

"I have sympathized deeply with those members of our dear family circle to whom this painful stroke most nearly comes home, and my prayers have ascended for them, that their afflictions may be sanctified to them."

* Mr. Joseph C. Huntington, the husband of her eldest sister.

VI.

In the month of May, 1852, her husband informed her that business required him to visit Europe, and invited her to accompany him, with the hope that the voyage might be of service to her. In connection with this event we find the following entry in her journal:

"I am quite excited in view of my unexpected determination to cross the Atlantic and spend the summer abroad. This decision has not been made without much prayer, and earnest desire to know and do exactly what is right. I have suffered much in anticipation from my dread of the ocean, and also from the thought of leaving so many dear ones behind. I do not think that expectation of pleasure has affected me at all. The hope that my health may be confirmed, making me able to attend to the various duties of a wife and a mother, induces me to accompany my husband."

Few can appreciate the trembling with which

she stepped on board the steamer, for few are so constitutionally timid, and so unnerved by long years of suffering. But as is the case with many who can scarcely bear the apprehension of trouble, she was remarkable for calmness and presence of mind, when actually brought face to face with the things she most feared; and so, notwithstanding her timidity, she found much pleasure in the voyage. It was early in June that she sailed for Liverpool, and the next four months were passed in travelling, accompanied by her husband and one of her sons, through Great Britain and on the continent. Enabled to bear fatigue better than her friends had dared to hope, her spirits rose as her health improved, and she entered upon these scenes of excitement and pleasure with an enthusiasm quite surprising to herself. Although, while travelling, frequently deprived of her usual rest, she never failed to command the time requisite for the weekly journal which she knew to be such a treat to her children. This journal seldom consisted of less than twelve closely written pages, and frequently it contained more nearly twice that number. An extract or two from these letters and her private note-book, is all we can give

consistently with the plan of this sketch. She writes in her first letter—

“As the scenes we shall visit have been described hundreds of times, I shall not expect to go into minute details, but shall only endeavor to let you know what we have seen, and the impressions made upon my own mind.”

Hackneyed indeed her subjects were, but she continued to throw so much of her own heart into everything which interested her, that her letters were peculiarly attractive to all who heard them. We find, in glancing over them, that true to her native instincts she was more absorbed in the wonders of nature than in the triumphs of art—more interested in institutions of benevolence than in those of industry and skill, and more fascinated with the study of human nature in the various phases of life, and the habits and customs of the common people, than in the splendid palaces and great estates of the high-born. In one of her first letters, several pages are devoted to affectionate mention of the kind friends whose hospitality the travellers enjoyed, and descriptions of the insight she obtained into the English home. From London she writes :

“Really in London ! I could not doubt it, as

we entered the city last evening and drove two miles through the brilliantly illuminated, densely crowded streets."

In Paris she expresses herself as feeling for the first time a "stranger in a strange land." She writes, on her first Sabbath evening there—

"Several weeks have now elapsed since I bade my loved ones farewell, and they have been weeks of great interest. And now we are passing this lovely Sabbath quietly in this great, gay, and wicked city. * * * I fear much that in this land of Sabbath-breaking, we may be tempted to forget our vows to God and our obligations to Him. May we realize that we do often exert an influence upon those around us, when we are least aware of it. All day the principal streets have been crowded to overflowing by people who have no regard for the Sabbath. My heart aches at this total disregard of God's laws in a nominally Christian land. O Lord, send out Thy light and Thy truth, and guide these souls to the cross of Christ, and to faith in His atoning blood."

From Paris to Turin, Italy, she enjoyed the opportunity of watching the rural population, whose dress and customs she describes with

much vivacity. In Turin two or three weeks were passed in company with a sister then residing there. Upon every recurring Sabbath, while in continental Europe, she commits to her private note-book reflections similar to those in Paris, showing how her heart was pained at the disregard of the holy day. She writes: "July 18th;—I confess myself pained and hurt at the conduct of many professors of religion whom I meet. Even Christian ministers allow themselves here to do many things which they would not do at home. I am sure that they cannot reconcile such acts with their vows to God, and the duty they owe to those around them to let their light so shine that they may glorify their Master. I fear that there is danger of my showing a spirit of indignation at this breach of Christian contract. I pray that I may exhibit a truly Christian temper, and also that I may not give way to temptation and sacrifice principle. I am resolved, in God's strength, that I will as rigidly keep the Sabbath as I would at home. Neither will I visit places of amusement which I would not visit at home. I know that I shall be regarded as subject to merely conventional rules, but my conscience is upon my side; and when I read in

God's word, 'Be ye not conformed to the world,' and 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,' I dare not do anything which will in the least conflict with the spirit of these two commands. How much my heart yearns over the young sent to this continent by parents professing to seek first for them the kingdom of God! How little these parents think of the temptations which beset them on every side, and which, without the grace of God to counteract the evil, will surely make shipwreck of their souls. I am very glad that I have been permitted to come hither, for now I know, as I could not otherwise, to what a child of mine would be exposed if ever situated here. I hope it will never be ordained that any of my little flock will be sent away from the fold to wander upon these dark mountains unless protected by the most undoubted Christian principle."

On a Sabbath in Turin :—" Attended service this morning at the Protestant chapel, and although I could not perfectly understand the language in which the service was conducted, I was so touched by the Christian simplicity and sincerity of all I witnessed, that I longed for a quiet corner where I could give way to my feelings, for, in

spite of all my efforts, the tears would start. The singing, which was congregational, was very solemn, and appeared to be thoroughly from the heart. I was deeply touched by the fact, that God has preserved here a seed to serve Him, where all else are apparently the worshippers of Baal. This is one of the few Waldensian churches left in this valley of Piedmont. They are very poor, being, with few exceptions, from the humbler classes. There can be no doubt that God will support and sustain them, as He has already through ages of trial and persecution. Since my return I have been reading a history of their sufferings. Only by aid from above could they have endured such fiery trials. Surely they should have the sympathy and aid of churches in America. To-day I have realized with more than usual assurance that *Christ is mine*. I have been sure that without Christ all the wealth and honors of the world are a vain show, and 'Jesus only' is better than all without his presence."

Thus did these scenes, so often dissipating to religious enjoyment, serve only in her case to cause the flame of devotion to burn the brighter. Often will God's own child, longing to keep near Him, find that every thing can be made subservient

to growth in grace. The short time spent in Switzerland was greatly enjoyed, and her letters are full of the effect produced upon her mind by the first view of those grand "temples not made with hands," where His presence is realized at every step. In Chamouni she sketches the panorama from the window of her room, and says: "In fact I am so enraptured with all I see, that I scarcely know how to write." Again: "Our hearts and our eyes lingered long over our last view of Mont Blanc. Gloomily he reared his hoary head, amid the partial darkness of a star-lit night." In Geneva, on the Sabbath, she writes: "The service is more like that at home than any thing I have attended since I left America, and how thankful I shall be when I am again permitted to spend a Sabbath in my own dear native land."

Perhaps she enjoyed none of her travels more than those in Scotland. As the traditionary home of her ancestors, this land of romantic story and song had from childhood possessed great charms for her, especially hallowed as it is by so many sacred memories of the "times which tried men's souls."

On the fifth of October she embarked upon her

return voyage. Her diary reveals the dread with which she again encountered the perils of the sea. On the Sabbath previous to sailing she writes: "I have tried almost in vain to be calm in view of it, and have brought to bear upon my mind everything I could think of respecting God's almighty power and abundant mercy, and have been deeply distressed in view of my lack of faith and trust. It is surely strange that after such continual experience of the goodness of God, I am so prone to faithlessness, so given to anticipating evil. I have found much enjoyment in the house of God to-day. We attended the Communion service in Dr. Raffle's church, and it was truly delightful to unite again with the people of Christ in celebrating the dying love of our blessed Saviour. Since my return I have felt more composed, and more willing to cast all my fears at the feet of Jesus, and trust Him for the future." In prospect of leaving her son in Europe to pursue his education, she adds: "Duty appears plain, and I am trying to acquiesce. I hope much from his firm religious principle, yet I know that the temptations surrounding him will be very great, and that only the Almighty arm can preserve him. Oh, Lord, save him from the snares

which will beset him, and fit him for Thy heavenly kingdom."

The voyage so dreaded was safely and happily accomplished, though the weather proved more boisterous than upon the former passage. On the second Sabbath after her return (Oct. 31st) her journal gratefully recognises the hand of God in the happy re-union. Again she refers to the pain she experienced while abroad in view of the constant desecration of the Sabbath. She says: "It may be that a long residence under the influence of a total disregard of the fourth commandment might cause me to swerve from my fixed principles upon this point; but a short sojourn has only increased my love for God's holy day, and my earnest desire that none of my children may ever reside in a foreign land. * * * Now that I am again settled in my own loved home, I desire to devote myself anew to the service of my Redeemer. Oh for a spirit of true, deep, and entire consecration to Christ!"

For some time after her return it seemed that our anticipations were to be realized, in a decided improvement of her health. She writes in March, 1853, "The winter has now passed, and as

spring has opened with genial weather, I begin to have great hope that I may be spared any long illness this year. I am at times overwhelmed with gratitude that I have been permitted to spend two successive winters without a long confinement from ill health. This encourages me to trust that my constitution has passed through some change which may prove of permanent benefit." Alas! disappointment succeeded these hopes.

June 4th: "After perusing the last sentences written in my journal, nearly three months since, I am more than ever convinced how little such a short-sighted creature as I am, can judge of the future. The very next day after writing those words of hope, I was too ill to attend to any family duties, and before the end of the week I was entirely helpless, and suffering most severely. I have now been gaining slowly for a few weeks, but it must be some time before I am able to move about with any comfort to myself." This was a bitter disappointment to those who cherished with fondest care their beloved sufferer, but from her meek and disciplined spirit there arose no murmur. "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight," softly fell from her lips, as

in one of her seasons of intensest pain, a weeping daughter questioned the wisdom and goodness of this renewed trial. Tears flow unbidden from many eyes now, as they recall that pale patient face, lined indeed with years of suffering, yet seldom crossed by a shade of impatience, and never failing to greet with welcoming smile the entrance of a loved one.

The opening of the year 1854 brought threatening of another long season of illness. On the second Sabbath of the year she writes, after alluding to her state of health, "I have great cause for gratitude in the hope that another of my dear children has consecrated herself to her Saviour very recently. I think I am submissive to the will of my Heavenly Father, even though He choose again to lay me upon a bed of sickness, for the great burden which has been upon my mind for months is now removed. I have prayed and felt much for this dear child during the last two years, and if prayer is answered, and she has really passed from death unto life, my soul would be joyful in God."

Scarcely had our mother penned these words ere she was prostrated by the most alarming illness she had experienced for several years. There

seemed at one time but a shadow of hope that she could be raised up, but God still dealt kindly with us. Recovering slowly, and able to write in her Journal again, she says, "I have been brought very low. For nearly three weeks I seemed to be on the borders of the grave. While thus lying, I do not remember that I had an anxious thought respecting the termination of my illness. I felt ready to go if it were the will of my Heavenly Father. But when the crisis was passed, and there was hope of my recovery, I found myself quite desirous that my life should be spared, especially for the sake of my two youngest children. May this new affliction be sanctified to myself and my family. I have no desire but to live nearer to Christ, and to educate my children for Him."

SABBATH, April 9th.

"This is the communion season in our church, and I have felt that it would be very pleasant to meet with Christ's people at His table, but my Father best knows what is for my good, and so I am still confined to my sick room. I trust that I am not rebellious, and unreconciled to His will, yet sometimes I find myself longing again to

breathe the fresh air, and enjoy some of my long interrupted privileges. To-day four of my beloved children are seated at the Lord's Table with their dear father, and if they are all indeed the children of God, what happy parents should we be. Now all our dear children, save the little ones, are enrolled among the professed followers of Christ. How should we strive and pray that they, too, may become His lambs, and be included in His blessed fold. I have been devoting some time to prayer for my loved ones, and for the church. Why is it, I ask myself, when I feel so much for those who are out of Christ, that I find it so difficult to converse upon the subject nearest my heart with any one? Words always fail me when I need them, and I find myself distressed and unhappy because it is so."

To the watchful eyes of her friends it was evident that from the effects of this severe illness the subject of these pages never entirely recovered. It was long before she was able to resort to the means which usually proved sufficient to give temporary relief. At length, able to travel slowly, she passed a few weeks at Sharon Springs, in hopes of again deriving benefit from the waters. While there she writes, alluding to

her disappointment in regard to decided improvement:

"I begin to think that it is not the design of my Heavenly Father that I shall ever again enjoy the blessing of health. But I commit this and every other matter, to His wise disposal, who knows so much better than I what is for my good."

During this visit a thorough examination of her case convinced the eminent physician consulted that there was no room for hope of a permanent cure. Her disease, an affection of the heart, had progressed so far that temporary alleviation was the most which could be expected, though, with care, life might be prolonged many years. The announcement of this decision, confirming the worst fears of her friends, and so calculated to alarm one of her sensitive and shrinking temperament, was received by her with the utmost composure. She says, "He told me with great frankness that an act of imprudence might terminate my life at any instant. I know not why I received this announcement so calmly, unless I was in some measure prepared for it, for my impression for years has been that this was the tendency of my disease. My only remark

was, 'My times are not in my own hand;' while mentally I exclaimed, 'My times are in Thy hand, O my Father!' Now I feel that I have nothing to do but to lie passive in my Father's hand, letting Him do with me as 'seemeth good in His sight!'"

Again, in her own home, writing in her Journal, "November 12th—Continued ill health keeps me Sabbath after Sabbath from the sanctuary. Sometimes I am tempted to murmur that I am so long chastened, and my days made wearisome by pain and debility. Sometimes, too, I am anxious as to the result of all this. But I am thankful that this is not my usual state of mind. Far from it. I am generally happy, satisfied that all is right; that, as a poor invalid boy once said, 'My God makes no mistakes.'"

Two or three months previous to this, she was called to pass through another season of affliction, "God," she says, "has been pleased to take from me another dear sister. The loss to her family and circle of friends is very great, but with her, we have every reason to suppose all has been infinite gain! For many years she has been, we trust, a child of God, and prepared for His will. She spoke often of her peace in God, and submis-

sion to His will. I little thought that she, the youngest, and apparently the most healthy among us, would be the first one to go. Especially does it seem wonderful that she should be called before me. But God ordered that it should be so, and His will be done!"

Dec. 31st.—"The sufferings of the poor during this most inclement season, have been very great, and have enlisted my sympathies more than is good for my health. Yet I am able to do very little for them, and nothing personally, but I pray for them and give according to my means. Much is now being done by others for their souls as well as for their bodies, and I have been thinking that perhaps this season of 'hard times' may, by God's blessing upon the efforts made, be the means of the salvation of many souls. * * * *
'Wars and rumors of wars,' come to us from the European continent, and thousands of souls are hurried into Eternity without a moment's warning. It may be that God is preparing the way by overturning the kingdoms of this world, for the spread of the Gospel, and the setting up of that glorious kingdom which shall extend throughout every land, until Messiah shall reign King of Nations as He is now King of His saints. God

grant that the day soon come! Amen and Amen!"

January 28th, 1855.—Still confined to my room, and now most of the time to the bed or chair by continued and increasing ill health. It is nearly a month since I went down stairs, and almost two months since I have been out to breathe the fresh air. But I would not complain while I have so much to be thankful for, and to encourage me. I often contrast my situation with that of others who are suffering from ill health during this changeable winter, and I feel that instead of murmuring, I ought to be full of praise and thanksgiving. Not only have I the means of obtaining every thing which can ameliorate the sufferings of a sick chamber, but I have a husband ever loving and devoted, sparing no expense for my comfort, and children, one and all dutiful, affectionate, and attentive, to the greatest degree I could wish, and many, many other kind friends who do all in their power for my happiness. I have also of late enjoyed calmness of mind and a delightful trust in my Saviour, comforted by the hope that He will never leave nor forsake me; and even now I have confidence, that I shall have grace for every trying

hour, even though it be the last. Sometimes I lose this calmness, and in view of the probable physical suffering which I should endure in a dying hour from my disease, I am overcome with greater fear and trembling than I can describe. The only remedy then is to go right to my Saviour and tell Him all, as did John's disciples, perfectly certain that I have an High Priest who can be touched with every feeling of my infirmities, and I earnestly entreat that I may have something of His spirit, when He said, 'Not my will but Thine be done!'"

"April 6th.—All winter I have looked forward to the coming Sabbath, trusting that then I should be permitted to meet with the people of the Lord at His table, and when my physician told me yesterday that it could not be, and also spoke more discouragingly than ever with regard to my case, for a time I was overwhelmed with surprise and grief, for I had indulged the hope of improvement in my health. I felt deeply the thought that I should not for months, perhaps never again, be permitted to enter the house of God. Again have I examined my hopes for Eternity, and feel sure that they are founded alone upon Christ. Without this founda-

tion I should be lost, for I see so much sin within me, that it would preclude all hope, but for the peace-speaking blood of Christ. I know that it is my duty to do all in my power to prolong my life for the sake of my dear family, and therefore I try to cultivate a meek and quiet spirit, knowing that my life depends, under God, upon freedom from care and anxiety. Thus I try to leave all the future with my Heavenly Father, and each day devote myself to present duties. And now, Lord, increase my faith, and let me have the joy of seeing all my beloved children walking in the truth, if it is Thy holy will to grant me so great a happiness."

In the foregoing extract allusion is made to the performance of daily duties. It may be supposed that the writer referred exclusively to religious and spiritual duties, considering herself exempt by her physical weakness from any other occupations. But so far was this from the case, that she was never unemployed unless prostrated by the most severe suffering. It was a cause of gratitude with her that she was enabled to make much use of her hands as well as of her head and eyes. Some time in each day was devoted to reading, much of which was in religious works,—

though by no means all, for she gave due attention to the current literature of the day, and dreaded greatly "getting behind the times" by means of her seclusion. One friend remarked to her, "I never saw your hands idle." Her reply was, "There is so much to do in the world I may surely do my little share." She was often occupied in preparing articles of clothing for the poor, feeling that it was but poor charity to give garments requiring a great outlay of labor in their repair to those whose time was fully occupied. It has been stated that in her early life she evinced much talent for letter-writing. She never allowed this gift to fall into disuse, after the manner of too many who are similarly burdened with household cares. Leisure moments were happily employed for the gratification of absent children or friends. She had also a large number of occasional correspondents, and no friend was placed in circumstances of affliction without immediate remembrance from her hand.

VII.

IN May, 1855, the period of comparative ease, was interrupted by another season of extreme pain and prostration. Again was the enfeebled frame brought very near death; and at one time she expressed strongly the opinion that she should never rally, but she writes: "God has again been pleased to spare my life, and my physician thinks there is more hope for me, than there has been for two years past. Surely goodness and mercy continually follow me. Oh for a heart that can be grateful enough for all God's goodness."

The close of this year called forth her usual tribute of gratitude for its mercies. After recounting some of them, she adds: "With the closing year this volume comes to an end, and the question arises, shall this be destroyed, thus sharing the fate of several of its predecessors, or shall I keep it that after my death my children may know something of their mother's mind?

Were it not for my children, I would not hesitate a moment, but the hope of interesting and benefiting them influences me to preserve some of these notes, in writing which I have only obeyed an irresistible impulse. At any rate, I will preserve this, as it may be pleasant for me in some future time of suffering to peruse a record of the mercies of the past. A strong motive for its preservation is that my children may have some knowledge of the many times which I have devoted to prayer, with 'strong crying and tears' for them, and that thus they may be induced to consecrate themselves wholly to the service of the Lord. May this year just opening, be one of rich spiritual blessings." And with an ascription of praise to the Triune God, a large volume closes, from which we have made the foregoing selections. A new one was commenced with the last year of her life. Very precious to us seem these last heart-communings, and tenderly will the eyes of her children rest upon the few further extracts we make.

In February of the year 1856, she was again in danger of entire prostration. After writing that she feels "languid, feeble, and every day endures much pain," she adds: "Indeed, I do not believe

that I have for many years passed a day of entire freedom from pain,"—then, as if fearful of murmuring, "but oh! how little do I appreciate the mercies which have been bestowed upon me during all this long series of years! How small have been the returns of gratitude! Sometimes when reflecting upon the happiness frequently enjoyed in spiritual things, and the many temporal blessings bestowed upon me, especially the love and kindness of my dear husband, children, and other friends, I am overwhelmed and humbled at the coldness of my love to that Saviour who has, I trust, in a measure, washed and sanctified my soul, and given me a good hope through grace, that I shall at last conquer through His merits alone. This is my only trust for salvation."

In the month of April, after several weeks of seclusion in her own room, she expresses her joy in the prospect of being permitted on the following Sabbath to meet the people of Christ at His table. Disappointed, when the day arrived, by the inclemency of the weather, she remarks: "Duty compels me to forego the anticipated pleasure. The time seems very long that I have been shut away from all social religious privileges. I have only been to the house of God six times

during the last two years and a half, and it is six years since I went to an evening or social prayer-meeting. Of all places none are more precious to me than those of social prayer. Many times I have prayed that I might again be permitted these privileges, but God has not yet seen fit to answer my petition. Sometimes I have so greatly enjoyed His presence at home, as to realize how He can make up to me for the want of outward means of grace, by the light of His countenance, and the testimony of His Spirit witnessing with mine that He is still the Lord God, merciful and gracious, abundant in goodness, forgiving iniquity and transgression."

It seems to have been evident, from this time, to the beloved sufferer that she was gradually failing, and that the end was probably not far distant. Perhaps she realized it more than did others who watched her with anxiety. Yet an increasing debility was so apparent that it was with much hesitation her husband left her for a few weeks in the month of June. During this time she appeared to rally a little, and writes of herself: "Though I am exhausted by a distressing cough, yet there are some reasons why I hope that I am improving slightly. Perhaps I

may yet be spared for a longer time than I have supposed." A visit to her absent children in their country home had long been planned; and to the fond mother had promised unusual happiness. She says, "I know not why, but my heart seemed more set upon this visit than upon anything earthly for a long time." "As the time drew near," remarks her husband, "it became too painfully evident that it would not be prudent for her to undertake so long a journey. It was a great trial to her to give up this anticipated pleasure; but after consulting her physician, she acquiesced without a murmur."

She writes before the question was quite decided: "The doubt has already caused me much suffering, but I am becoming reconciled to it, feeling that all will be ordered in mercy." After some consultation, a visit to friends in a quiet rural home nearer to the city, was decided upon; and here it was hoped that pure air, and drives amid new and cheerful scenery might restore the failing strength. But it was not to be. During a sudden change of weather, in the month of August, she took cold, and was so ill as to be constantly confined to her room during the whole of her visit. Indeed, at one time, it seemed that she

might never recover sufficiently to return to her own residence. She writes: "It may be the will of my Father to detain me here for a long time, but I am rejoiced that I do not know it before it comes to pass. He knows it, however, who knows the end from the beginning. I desire to be no longer rebellious, no more to beg earnestly even for comfortable health. I am so much reduced in strength now, and becoming more and more so, that I think, if permitted to go home, it will be to die. I pray for exactly the right preparation. I have everything but health to make me cling to life, but if the mandate has gone forth no power can stay it. Thy will be done!"

In the early part of September the return to her own home was accomplished, with less difficulty than had been anticipated. In the latter part of the month her symptoms were again less favorable.

From this time until early in November her sufferings were much increased. Her nights were especially painful, as from difficulty of respiration she was unable to lie down. She spoke to a dear friend, at this time, of the great sense she felt of her Saviour's presence during these nights of bodily distress. All doubt of her acceptance

seemed to be removed; and although at times suffering from her constitutional fear of death, and her persuasion that her own departure would be especially painful, she charged this friend to remember, after she was gone, that grace had been given her in great measure to overcome these fears. Her husband says: "She had been looking to a fatal termination of her disease from the time of her severe attack in the winter of 1854-5; and as her disease progressed she was accustomed to converse freely with me upon the subject with perfect composure, and a charming spirit of Christian resignation. Yet, during this time she rarely alluded to the subject in conversations with other members of her family, fearful of distressing them. 'God will give them grace when the time comes, and I do not wish to see them looking grieved,' was her remark to me." In October her eldest daughter parted with her after a few weeks of cherished intercourse. Seeing the struggle to keep back the falling tears at the thought of a separation, which might be for life, she kissed her tenderly, saying, "Don't feel so badly, darling. If it is best, my prayer will be granted, that you shall stand by me when the last hour comes!" But it was not

best,—or that fond prayer would not have been denied.

On Sabbath day, October 12, in her Journal, after alluding to her increasing suffering and debility, she adds: "I cannot feel otherwise than that this is the beginning of the end. When that will come I know not; but I am constantly praying that I may be so prepared that I shall not be taken by surprise. I do not find myself anxious about the result, feeling sure from past experience, that I shall find grace in time of need: that my God will not desert me in the hour of my extremity. This is the Sabbath upon which the precious death of Christ is commemorated in our church, and I feel disappointed that neither of my younger daughters have come forward to unite themselves with the people of God. I am sure that both are seriously inclined, and often I hope for them. Oh for the heavenly influences of the blessed Spirit to fill their hearts with love to Christ, and a willingness to come out and declare themselves upon his side! I have faith to believe that they will yet show themselves decided Christians; but when I think of the danger of delay I long to have them take this stand now. I have much desired of late to unite with some

Christian friends, in celebrating the death of Christ at home, but there seem to be many difficulties in the way. Oh for a submissive spirit with regard to this and everything!" These desires regarding her children were granted. Not many weeks after writing the above, she was permitted to rejoice that they were given to her prayers.

Three in heaven, and seven on earth! Her faith now looked forward to the hour when she should meet them all in the heavenly mansions. "Perhaps my work is now done," she writes: "I have often felt that my work on earth and my sufferings too, would be ended, when I could see all my beloved children following the Saviour, to whom their parents have consecrated them." In this connexion we cannot forbear alluding again to the constant efforts both in conversation and by means of the pen, with which she sought to give efficiency to her prayers and example. Of the loving spoken words treasured, how fondly, in the hearts of those to whom they were addressed, we have no other record, but upon the many letters and little notes which have been preserved, filled with a mother's anxious heart-breathings, our eyes linger longingly. We would transcribe them one and all, but the limits of this

little Memorial forbid, and we must confine ourselves to the closing words of one, which may serve to give some idea of the style in which they are written. It is a birth-day letter, penned during the last summer of her life, to one of the "younger daughters," for whom she had expressed so much solicitude.

"You must know, my dear child, that these lines are prompted by a mother's love, and that mother feels always that her life is hanging upon a very slender thread, and is now more than usually threatened. She feels that at any time she may be called to give up her stewardship. Oh, how delightful would be the thought that all her beloved ones were in the Ark of Safety, prepared to meet all life's storms, and ready to do all in their power for the advancement of Christ's kingdom! Sometimes, my darling child, I feel that I cannot wait any longer for you and G——, my 'loved ones' and 'longed for' in Christ, to come out upon the Lord's side. If I could feel that you had both accepted Christ, I should be almost too happy. I do not doubt, my darling, that when you feel low-spirited and unhappy, the Spirit of God is striving with you. Perhaps you are sometimes wishing that you had some

one to whom you could go for advice and guidance. The Bible is your best and only true guide. Consult it day by day, and you will learn what God would have you do. And now my beloved children, I have already written at too much length, and must commend you to God and to the word of His grace, which I have done many times lately. May I soon have the joy of seeing you and dear little G—— walking in the way of life."

During the months of October and November, various painful and at times most alarming symptoms appeared. Her sufferings at night increased, and for many weeks she was unable to obtain any rest excepting in a sitting posture. Many of these distressing symptoms were alleviated about the close of the month of November, and the ever-patient sufferer notices with especial gratitude the relief obtained when able again to lie down at night.

Until this alteration she had little expectation of living through the winter; but the change was so marked, that she said, "it seemed as though life might be prolonged beyond her previous expectations."

One morning, after a night of great physical

suffering, during the season above referred to, she handed to one of her daughters a little slip of paper, with the following words penciled upon it, which she requested her to copy to send to her absent child: "By the following you can see how kindly our Heavenly Father does with me. After a particularly ill-turn last night, I found myself shrinking from the thought of dying in such distress. After having fallen asleep I awoke with a thought, which being disconnected with anything upon which I had been reading or thinking for some time, I felt sure came directly from the Holy Comforter, and it cheered and consoled me not a little for the remainder of the night. The reflection was this. When our Saviour was in the midst of His deepest suffering, having three times besought His Father that the cup might pass from Him, the Father sent an angel from Heaven to comfort Him; and if this help was needed by the Son, who was also God, and was of His own choice enduring those sufferings, surely He will consider the wants of His feeble children, and not forsake those in their time of greatest need and extremity, who so much more require aid and comfort. On this thought I am resting to-day hopefully."

The last entry in her private Journal is on Sabbath day, December 14. * * *

"Since I last wrote in this book I have been alarmingly ill, and very near death to all appearance, but again my Heavenly Father has seen fit to rebuke disease, and to relieve suffering, the intenseness of which none can know who have not passed through it. Now I am so comfortable, that I am a wonder to myself, to my physicians, and to all my friends. I have no hope of permanent recovery, and scarcely expect to leave these rooms where I have now been confined more than three months. But I am most grateful to be relieved from the sufferings of a month since. * * *

How can I be otherwise than grateful and humble, when I am surrounded by loved and loving ones, doing all in their power to make me comfortable and happy! Oh, my Saviour, be pleased to give me an humble, quiet, and submissive spirit." How perfectly characteristic is this last sentence she ever penned in the Journal, for so many years sacred to herself and her God! Gratitude for mercies, an humble sense of unworthiness, and the ever-recurring prayer for the spirit of meek submission! We close the volume with thankfulness, that she was enabled to leave so

precious a record of her faith, love, and prayers, for the eye of those who beheld in her daily life, the blessed fruits of the indwelling grace she sought so earnestly.

VIII.

IT was on Monday night, the 29th of December, 1856, that the first symptom was perceived of a change for the worse from the comfortable state of the past few weeks. It was not until the second morning of the New Year, that much solicitude was felt. There were no violent symptoms, yet the appearance of great and unusual debility, and a slight mental wandering, caused the most serious fears. And when the next day brought no relief the presence of the fatal messenger was but too apparent. The silver cord was indeed loosened, and gently but surely was parting. From him who had so long been the nearest and dearest earthly friend, and who had ever supported her with cheering words, she now heard the opinion of her physicians. In a memorandum made soon after this conversation, he says, "Never shall I forget the perfect calmness with which she received the announcement of our apprehensions, and although her mind had previously been wandering, she had now full possession of all her

faculties. Self-possession, memory, and reflection appeared in full vigor, and continued until I felt it my duty to suspend the interview, in the fear of taxing her failing strength too much. Her reply to the few words, in which I communicated our apprehensions, was as follows, and the words were spoken with perfect calmness, and almost with the strength of full health :

“ ‘ I thank you, my dear husband, for letting me know it while I have strength to converse with you. I have so often been apparently quite as ill, and certainly suffering much more, that I am in some measure surprised by this announcement, yet, I trust, not unprepared. Although it has been the will of my Heavenly Father that I should be laid aside from active service, by long years of illness, yet no one has greater cause for gratitude for God’s mercies than I have, surrounded as I am by a loving and happy family, all doing their utmost to add to my comfort. I can truly say, God’s goodness has followed me all the days of my life. The precious support of my Saviour has sustained me in days and years of sickness and suffering, and I do not, I trust, feel impatient. I can leave myself in the hands of my Heavenly Father, and say, with all my heart,

“Thy will be done.” IF THE LORD HAS NOTHING MORE FOR ME TO DO HERE, IT IS BEST TO BE AT REST WITH HIM IN HEAVEN. I feel that the Saviour’s everlasting arms are around me, otherwise how could I be so calm? I fear that I shall not have strength to talk with my dear children. But if not, tell them that it has been the one great desire of my life that they may love Christ and be actively engaged in His service. I have been sometimes almost led to repine that I have been able to do no more. But it gives me great happiness to believe that all my dear children belong to Christ. May they be faithful devoted followers of their Saviour! Tell my beloved M., if I should not live until she comes, that I had hoped to see her once more, but if that is not the will of Providence, she must remember that the Lord doeth all things well. My earnest prayer for herself, and her dear husband, and their children, and for you, my beloved husband, and for all our dear children is, that the rich and precious blessings of our Heavenly Father may rest upon every one. I commend you all to a faithful covenant-keeping God, and have faith to believe that in His own good time, we shall meet, an unbroken family in

Heaven!’ She then called for a memorandum which was made some time previously, containing particular bequests and directions; and after making some alterations, she said: ‘I find that my strength fails, and if I should not be able to say any more you will find among my papers a full expression of my views and hopes as a Christian.’” After this time she was unable to converse, except in a few precious words with each of her children.

Occasionally reviving a little upon the Sabbath, the day passed to the anxious watchers in alternating hopes and fears. She was failing, yet the change was so gradual, that it was not until early Monday morning that the death signet was plainly seen upon her brow. Silently gathered about her couch weeping friends and relatives. Of her own beloved children, all were there save one. Yes, all,—for may we not think that invisible to our eyes, perchance not to hers, hovered there the angel forms who were to welcome a mother to their Heavenly home? All suffering was now apparently passed, and calmly as an infant sleeps she waited the last moment. About half an hour previous to this the question was put, “Do you understand what we are saying?” “Yes, per-

fectly," was the whispered reply. A few moments later she breathed the name of the absent daughter, not as if calling for her, but rather to leave her the sweet assurance that in that hour she was not forgotten. She was then asked if she had unshaken confidence in her Saviour, and was supported by Him. She replied: "IN HIM, IN HIM, supported on every side." Shortly after, gently, peacefully, with scarcely a struggle, she "fell asleep." It was at a quarter before eleven o'clock, on the morning of Monday, January 5, 1857. No loud outburst of grief was in that hushed chamber. A form, wasted with long years of suffering, yet beautiful in death, lay there. But not upon this alone rested the eyes of the chastened group. Nor yet upon the great bereavement with which we were stricken did we dwell. Thought followed the freed spirit as up-borne by those everlasting arms, and "supported upon every side," she passed within the gates of glory, to receive that divine welcome, the fulness of blessing to every soul redeemed from the sins and sufferings of this mortal life, "Enter into the joy of thy Lord!"

In accordance with a wish expressed sometime before, the beloved form was not arrayed in

death's usual habiliments. The spotless white presented her as we loved to gaze upon her in life, and the white flowers she ever cherished lovingly lay upon her breast and in her folded hands. So, we exclaimed, as with bursting hearts we kissed the dear face for the last time, shall she one day arise, in face and form as we have known her; yet how glorious! "Sown an earthly body, raised a spiritual body; sown in weakness, raised in power!" The hymn was sung which was used at the funeral of her daughter. "Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb!" Then comforting words of Scripture were rehearsed, and the following address delivered by the pastor of the bereaved family, the Rev. Dr. Prentiss.

"THERE are few spots on earth, where religion and the world appear in such vivid contrast as at the house of Christian mourning. Death is the end of the world; all its hopes perish, its most ambitious and successful schemes fall to pieces, at the open grave; its utmost glory there changes into the darkness of midnight. What can the world promise us after our bodies shall have turned to dust? If we had come together, my friends, to the burial of a mere child of time, what

joy could we have in laying her body in the tomb? What word of true consolation respecting her immortal state, could I administer to this bereaved household? Alas! I should be dumb with silence! In vain should I search the world's oracles for a text, from which I might speak words of comfort. I could, it is true, recall the past: I might depict the virtues which adorned the departed; I could magnify the loss of surviving friends; but the instant I confronted the simple, stern reality, and asked you to look with me into the future, we should all hang down our heads in despair. There is no future to the world; or, if there be, it is a dark, impenetrable cloud. To the questions so eagerly put by the lips of grief: Where is the departed spirit? Does she still live? Is she at rest? Shall we ever meet again? the world has no sure answer; its wisest philosophy can only guess at the truth. How different from all this is the angel voice of Christian faith! How prompt and unmistakable is her response to the questions—Where is the departed spirit? Does she still live? Is she at peace? At her bidding are almost innumerable precious sayings of the Son of God and of His inspired apostles, bearing directly upon this point: 'If I go away, I will come again,' and

receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be.' 'Because I live, ye shall live also.' 'Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord.' Death is thus the very flower and spiritual coronation of a Christian life. It is a solemn initiatory act, fearful to the eye of sense, but glorious to the eye of faith, whereby the soul of the believer is introduced into the church triumphant; even as through the pangs of contrition and dying unto sin it was first introduced into the militant church. There is nothing excellent in a disciple of Jesus which the grave does not immortalize; nothing imperfect which it does not rectify and complete; nothing sinful which it does not for ever destroy. The office of death, as I have intimated, is to the believer somewhat like that of repentance to the worldling. As the one, in the order of grace, precedes justification and adoption into the family of God, so the other precedes glorification and admission into the presence of God. Repentance has its tears, its agony, its terrors, and hence seems to many so repulsive; yet, is none the less the highway to 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.' So death has its dark and painful and repulsive side: to the children of the world its aspect is appalling; yet to the Christian death is

really 'the natal day of eternity,' a kind of third birth, which transcends the glory of the second as the second excelled the first. For if it was a great thing to be born into this wondrous realm of nature, with faculties capable of comprehending its divine order and beauty; and if it was a 'new creation,' when by the power of the Holy Ghost we first learned to cry 'Abba, Father,' what words shall describe the change when through the portals of the tomb the regenerate soul passes into the actual vision and enjoyment of 'things unseen and eternal?' When she finds herself before the very throne of infinite love? If death is still even to the Christian an evil or a penalty, how has its sting been extracted! What vast privileges have been joined to it! Through what a brief agony does it usher the transformed spirit into perfect and everlasting blessedness!

"But may we feel absolutely assured of these things?' As sure as we feel that Jesus Christ Himself rose again from the dead, ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God. 'Because I live, ye shall live also.' 'I will that they whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am.' We ask for no better, no stronger pledge than this; His own royal word attested

by His own glorious resurrection. No doubt, there are many interesting questions respecting the state of the departed saints, which baffle inquiry. Scripture has wisely left them shrouded in mystery. It is not needful for our comfort, whether in view of our own death or that of friends, that we should be able to answer them. The points of chiefest interest are very clear. That our dying Christian friends go at once into the presence of their Lord—that they are at rest, and entirely happy in communion with Christ and with all saints; and that we shall love and meet them again within the veil; this all is plainly revealed. Some, I am aware, have expressed a doubt whether the saints will retain their earthly affections, or even know each other in heaven. But such doubt seems to me far removed from the sweet and consoling faith of the gospel.

Eternal form shall still divide
 The eternal soul from all beside;
 And I shall know him when we meet;
 And we shall sit at endless feast,
 Enjoying each the other's good—
 What vaster dream can hit the mood
 Of love on earth?

“Such reflections seem to me well suited to the occasion on which we are assembled. This is the house of Christian mourning. Here, it is true, are the signs of death; here is an inanimate human form; here is the shroud and the coffin; here are the habiliments of grief, tearful eyes, bereaved and sorrow-stricken hearts. Nature demands this tribute. But are these things all that meet us here? Nay, here too, visible to the eye of faith, are signs of a great victory. As I look upon this lifeless form, I think of the immortal spirit which has just forsaken it; I think of her deliverance from the pains of sickness and all the infirmities of the flesh; I think of her flight to heaven, and her entrance into the joy of her Lord. I think that while we are gathered around her bier, she is beholding the face of Jesus Christ in His kingdom, a happy, ransomed, glorified saint. And as I muse on these things, this house of mourning appears to me changed, as it were, into a house of God, and the very gate of heaven! A celestial halo seems to encircle the place; and instead of uttering words of condolence, I feel rather as if it were an hour for rejoicing and congratulation. I know full well that this household has been invaded by no com-

mon affliction. She, whom they mourn, was a rare example of domestic and Christian excellence. Were this the place for eulogy, I could speak with admiration of the varied and lovely virtues which adorned her character. Not to dwell upon her relations as wife, daughter, sister and friend, which she fulfilled so well, I cannot refrain from alluding in particular to her singular maternal devotion and faithfulness. She was such a mother as the grace of God only can fashion. Her natural affection for her children was ennobled and sanctified by a profound and habitual solicitude for their eternal interests. To train them up for Christ and His kingdom was her ruling aim and desire. Happy, indeed, are the children who have been the objects of such prayers, such unselfish love, such faithful counsels and instruction! An inheritance like this, such a legacy of a mother in heaven, is of more value than a thousand worldly fortunes.

“The Christian character of the departed was founded in earliest youth, and it had the strength, symmetry, wisdom, and mature loveliness, which are seldom attained without long and devout culture. For many years she had been subject to violent attacks of disease, and during the last

three or four years she passed through a constant and most severe discipline in the school of sickness. She had ample time to learn by heart both its trials and its blessings. Nor was the opportunity lost. The sweet graces of patience, cheerfulness, self-oblivion, tender and affectionate thought for others, abstraction from the world, filial resignation to the divine will, and a perfect trust in Christ; these all shone forth with unusual lustre in her sick room. She would sometimes express the fear that her life was becoming useless; but I doubt if in her most vigorous and fortunate days, she did so much in reality for her children, exerted upon her family so benign and lasting an influence as during the past two or three years of her weariness, pain, and approaching death. Her sick room was the inner sanctuary of the whole household.

“She was a great sufferer, and often seemed to be at the very gate of death; so often, indeed, that the final summons took her somewhat by surprise, though not unprepared. When informed by her husband on Saturday that her end was probably near, she received the intelligence in perfect composure, thanked him for communicating it, and then gathering up her fast failing

strength, gave expression to her dying wishes, feelings and hopes. Nothing could be more beautiful or more consoling in the remembrance. It was the calm triumph of dying grace. She blessed God that all her children had been brought into the fold of Christ, sent messages to the absent, recounted the mercies of the Lord,— ‘And now,’ she added, ‘if my Heavenly Father has nothing more for me to do, it is best that I should be at rest with Him in heaven.’ In a few hours she breathed her last, not in mortal struggle, as she had feared, but gently as an infant falls asleep. ‘And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.’ ”

Her former pastor, Rev. Dr. Skinner, closed the services with prayer, and the benediction. Then we committed the body to the tomb ; “earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust ; looking for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

IX.

WILL it be unbecoming, if without venturing on eulogy, we pay a fond tribute to the peculiar benevolence of this dear departed one?

It is right to say,—it would be an injustice not to say it,—that on her removal not a few poor dependents lost an appreciating and helping friend.

In the temporal and spiritual welfare of her domestics she was always interested. And while all who ever lived with her will confess that she afforded them a pleasant home, there are several who can testify that her interest in them did not terminate with their service.

She often expressed the opinion that to the industrious poor no charity could be extended which could be so grateful as an abundance of work with a full and prompt remuneration. Upon this faith she acted, not only relieving but very nearly supporting some needy ones, whose gratitude was not lessened by the preservation of their own self-respect.

And on this wise, and in other ways, she was enabled to diffuse comfort among widows and orphans even from the chamber wherein she was so helpless.

Among her beneficiaries for many years was a family which had been reduced, from comfortable circumstances, to dependence upon the exertions of an enfeebled mother, a widow advanced in life. A disastrous fire at length left them entirely destitute. No sooner did the tidings reach the ear of our gentle sufferer than appeals went forth, written from her bed to several of her acquaintances, setting forth the sad story. Never can we who saw her face forget the pleasure which beamed from her eye when, in consequence of this effort, she was permitted to furnish the unfortunate family with abundant assistance.

It was not strange that a group of these humble friends gathered in an unobserved corner at the time of the last sad services, and wept together.

* * * * *

Our mother appeared to be endowed with a peculiar power of winning the love and confidence of the young.

The almost filial affection which many seemed to entertain for her, and the readiness and fre-

quency with which her counsel was sought and plans were confided to her ear, was a subject of playful remark in her own family. Especially for orphan children were her sympathies called out. There are among these some who will never forget her words of counsel and love, written and spoken. One remarks, "I never could speak as freely to any other one since I lost my own mother." Tokens of grateful remembrance she frequently received from these young friends. This was noticed at the time of her departure for Europe. A farewell note we find, from one, says, "You have always been nearer and dearer than any one else, since my own dear mother died." Another writes since her death, "To attend her funeral, was almost like going to my own mother's again." Another says, "She ever manifested an almost maternal interest in me." The secret of this charm lay in her transparent sincerity, her self-forgetfulness, and her ever quick sympathy. "I had not been ten minutes in her society before I felt that I had always known her," said one. And another exclaimed, once, after witnessing her eager interest for the comfort of an individual, while suffering greatly herself, "Does she ever think of herself?"

It would be a labor of love to make extracts for these pages from the many evidences which have been treasured and sent to us of her expressed sympathy for others in times of affliction. None who knew her could be brought into circumstances of trial without discovering where at least one true friend could be found. If prevented by bodily infirmity from administering comfort personally, her pen testified her thoughtfulness and brought consolation from the Holy Word. Such remembrances were often accompanied by some trifling gift, perhaps a book or poem, selected with discrimination, and adapted to draw the stricken heart upward to the Author of all our joys and sorrows.

There are those who never had any personal acquaintance with her, who retain tokens of her thoughtful regard for them in some dark day of the past. As well could she enter into the joys of others. Her face was radiant with pleasure when she witnessed the new found happiness of one, or heard that light had been brought out of darkness for another. One writes, "I have always considered her sympathy the most perfect human sympathy I ever knew."

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED SINCE HER
DEATH.

From a Brother.

* * * In reflecting upon the past I have been greatly comforted in the review of a life so continuously devoted to the Master's business, exemplified in never-failing effort in behalf of all with whom she had to do; praying and laboring for their best interests, both for time and eternity—fixed and constant in her affection for her parents, brothers, and sisters,—faithful and kind to all whose privilege it was to serve her in any capacity,—to the poor, a friend and benefactress, whom they will not cease to mourn as they look in vain for a substitute,—in a word, possessed of more disinterested benevolence than almost any other with whom I was ever acquainted. She derived her happiness from the consciousness of the happiness of others, herself as destitute of selfishness, as it were possible for a human being to be. Such have been her characteristics from my earliest recollection.” * * * * *

From a dear and intimate friend.

* * * "It seems as if every word of encouragement and love, every act of kindness, and all good counsel from your dear one to me, comes up now with a freshness that invigorates my spirit, and with an influence of which the grave can never deprive me.

* * * "I feel that my loss is that of a disinterested and ever-interested friend. From the first welcome she gave me, up to the last interview I had with her, she always expressed for me and mine the most warm and generous sympathy and manifested it in deed, when she had the opportunity. I feel that I have been a better mother for the aid she gave me, and have ruled my household more efficiently, for the hints timely dropped me by her whom I think of so often as 'not slothful in business, fervent in spirit serving the Lord.' And this very text seems to me a fitting obituary of one who never spared self where the good of others was concerned." * * *

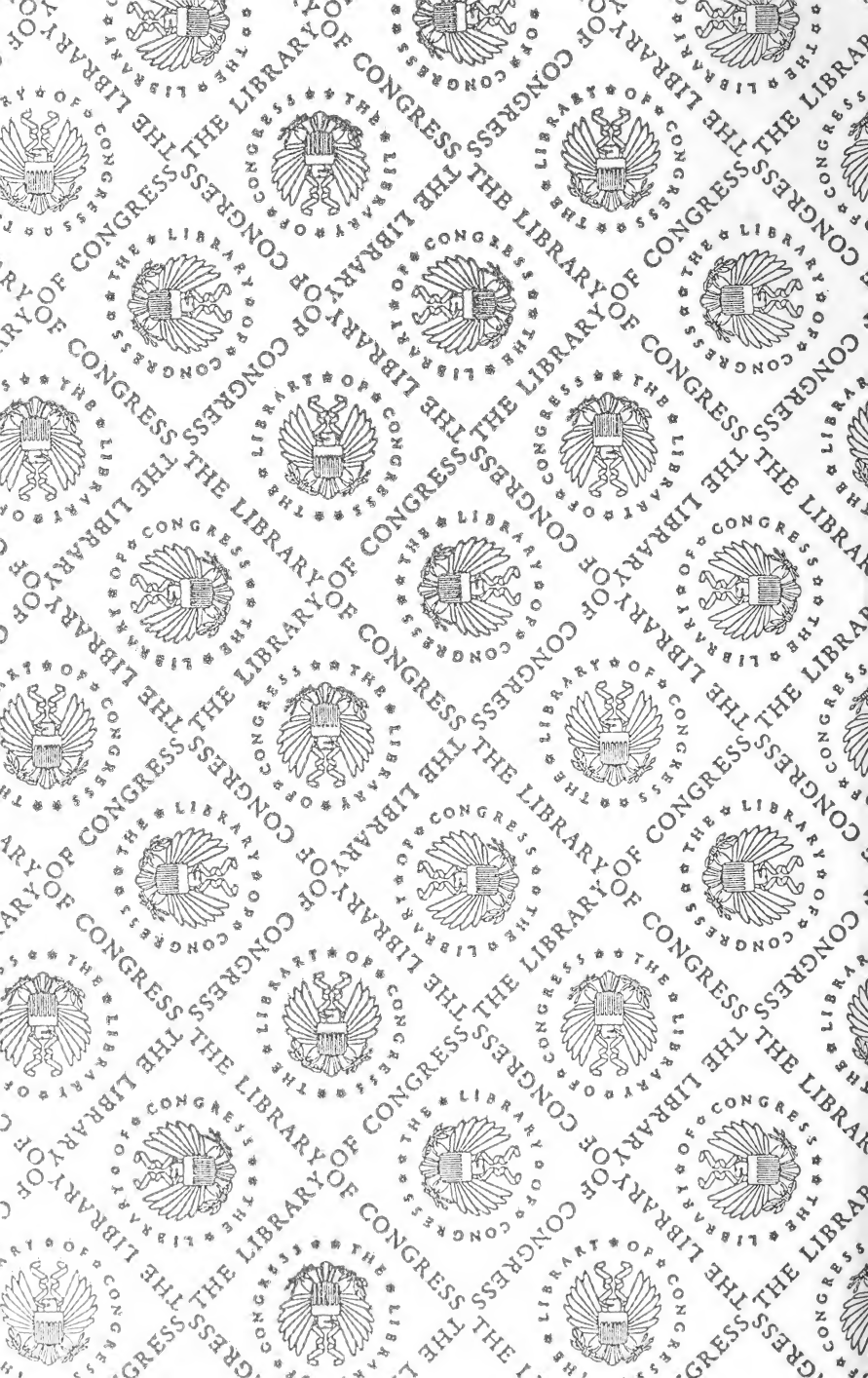
The following was received from the Rev. Dr. G——, of New Haven, who for many years has been an intimate friend.

* * * “I am now doubly glad that I had the privilege of an hour of sweet converse with her during my late visit to New York. It was beautiful to witness her serene quiet, and to hear her tell of that gush of light and joy, which came in upon her soul not long before when she had been for a time overtaken with darkness and fear. It was then only joy and peace, and my heart felt strengthened when she spoke of days and nights made cheerful and happy by the presence of our Lord. I said to myself, ‘Oh Death where is thy sting? Oh grave where is thy victory? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord!’ I thought, too, of the mercies of the covenant. It is now about forty years since I first became acquainted with her father, and no one who knew DAVID L. DODGE in his glow of spiritual affection and devotedness to God, could doubt that the blessings of the father would rest upon his children. Nor will they stop here. Her consecrated ones will be

embraced in the same rich provisions of eternal mercy. Yours will be an unbroken circle when you stand with her before the throne. You will then say with unspeakable joy, 'Here are we and the children Thou hast given us.' It was a beautiful thought of the early Christians to consider the day of the death of their departed ones, as their birth-day. They kept it as such in joy and triumph! Yes, my dear friend, you may bury those beloved remains, but they will leave a fragrance behind them as you embalm her example in your memory, which will make your household more like the assemblies of the 'just made perfect.' Call her blessed! Let her children endeavor to be like her—like her in those beautiful traits of character which so endeared her to all her friends, her cheerful piety, her elevated trust, her sweet child-like submission to the will of God!"

14 May 1859

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